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ON THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

With image wavering on the wandering stream,
A changeless shade, coeval with its years,
The old bridge, ever in a quiet dream,
Broods on its mossy piers.
Its rail is full of youth's remembered names.
Now all are carved in tomblike places; each
All the great pity of clipped friendship claims
In silence sweet as speech.
On dripping wing the swallow skims beneath,
And underneath, with redly-rusting chain,
The idle shallop stirs in twilight's breath,
And beats its post in vain.
The road that crosses and climbs the hill beyond
Seems lonely and long, and leads to other climes
Our childhood never knew, save in dreams fond
And wild as poet's rhymes.
The sea's far glimmer widens on the view;
The heavens are lifted higher, without mar,
Save one thin cloud fleet sweeping through the blue
Before the evening star.
Rare scent of briars from the further bank,
And smells of harvest from the July-land;
Burnt odors of the wild rose, red and rank,
Come to me where I stand.
Now lies tumultuous summer in repose;
Relaxes busy labor, daily long;
Now come the voices from the village close
Borne on the wings of song.
Ah, hast thou still, oh bridge, the charm of old
To draw the lowly-murmuring mouths, or lure
The dreaming feet, while lone in hush in fold
And love is fast and sure?
Do eyes still look across the eastern hill
To guess the favored and the far-off years
As ours used, when they felt the future thrill
And shimmer through sweet tears?
Let me look out no more, but lightly lean,
Gazing on the sweet water as they move,
While silence settles on the stilly scene,
And memory leagues with love.

Wild Will, THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big
Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER I. THE FRONTIER HOME.

TEXAS! bright, flowery land of the far sunny South—land where the Lone Star flag waved over scenes of mad carnage, blood-stained prairies and chivalric deeds—deeds that live unrivaled in the history of States or nations.
Step by step, over gory trails, have thy brave sons driven their cruel foes—the painted savage and ruthless, revengeful Mexican—driven them from thy green flower-bespangled prairies forever.
Bold, sturdy, brave have been thy heroes—men who have turned their backs on peaceful lands and made new homes upon thy borders, where the wailing cry of the Comanche and the yelp of the coyote are heard by day and by night.

Land of flowers and of thorns—of rolling prairies and desert plains, of dense chaparrals, mountain ranges, crystal streams and sunny valleys; land of cotton, corn and oats, of sugar and luscious fruit, of the civilized and the savage, and where the sun ever shines and the grass is ever green—land of enchantment and of romance, who that has once dwelt within thy borders can cease to love thy sunny clime—who that has left thy boundaries dreams not of thy velvet prairies, forest-fringed rivers, and long not to again revisit the scenes once loved so well, and ever held in fond remembrance?

Once again am I to bound upon my fleet mustang and dash over thy plains, and through thy dark canyons; but it is only in remembrance, and those who kindly follow my pen-trail shall lead into scenes of wild adventure, desperate daring, and rude haunts, where the crack of the rifle will often ring in their ears, the rattle of the revolver be heard, the clash of the fatal bowie awake steely echoes, and the death-rattle and shout of victory mingle together.

Let those, then, who would strike my ink-trail, come with me to the banks of the Medina river, at a point some ten miles from San Antonio, for there the first scene of my "over true story" opens.

Upon both sides of the river extend the bottom lands, covered with a growth of timber, consisting of pecan and post-oak, and beyond this fringe of forest spread the prairies, dotted with herds of cattle and mustangs, and covered with velvet grass, bespangled with flowers of every hue and fragrance.
The sun has just gone down beyond the plain, and a hazy twilight rests upon the landscape, lulling one to dreamy laziness.

Gradually the shadows darken in the timber, and the heavy festoons of Spanish moss hang from the branches of the trees, moved by the evening breeze, sway to and fro, looking like ghostly forms in the weird light.

The red sky in the west is almost wholly hidden from our view by the dense foliage, and the birds have flown to roost on the borders of the forest, so as to bask in the last rays of the setting sun.

A slowly-given chirp or so from the insects, just clearing their throats to join with the frogs in their coming concert, when darkness settles more densely upon the earth, only serves to make our surroundings more gloomy.

But look! Man has invaded the solitude, for as we look up the river, we discover a small log house standing only a little removed from its bank.

Above the house, and to the west of it, is a corral; its gates are open and it is empty.
The climbing vines by the cabin door, the flower-beds in its front indicate that they have had the delicate care of a woman.

Saddles and lariats hang from the corral gate; a stone bake-oven and smoke-house stand near the cabin, and a huge pile of split rails lie upon the bank, just below.



"Halt!" comes sharp and quick from Kit Carson, Jr., as they arrive within hearing of the Indians.

This is the house of a Texan ranchero, and peace and quiet now reign supreme about it. The firelight flashing from the hospitable open door enables us to inspect the interior, and ascertain the character of the occupants.

In one corner, busily engaged in winding a web of yarn, is an aged lady, who peeps under or over her spec's, as the yarn puzzles her by becoming entangled.

At the fire, cooking venison-steaks, and now and then turning the iron oven which contains the pone of corn-bread destined for the evening meal, is a woman of some thirty-five years of age, and near by, sitting in an apparently dreamy mood, gazing into the firelight, is a beautiful girl of sixteen summers. The long dark-brown natural curls are not able to hide the cheeks, rosy with the hue of health, or her bright, laughing hazel eyes; the hand which supports her well-formed head is plump and pretty, and we are forced to give her more attention than we have the others, for her great beauty and innocent appearance cause us to linger in our inspection of the cabin in spite of ourselves; but a slight rustle at our back draws attention in that direction, and we see an infant asleep upon a spotless white spread bed in the corner.

Although the floor of the cabin is but clay, and the furniture of the most primitive kind, there is an air of neatness and refinement about everything, and he who he may, a hearty welcome would greet any one who asked hospitality at the hands of the occupants.

This is the ranch, and I have shown you the family, of William Halliday.

William Halliday went to Texas from Virginia some two years previous to the opening of our story, and by his upright dealing and honorable character gained many friends; and yet he was to have the most horrible experience of Indian brutality and Mexican treachery of any man on the frontiers of the Lone Star State.

The supper-table was spread; the venison steaks threw out a delicious odor, mingled with the aroma of coffee; the pone of corn-bread was taken from the oven, and wrapped in a cloth; Mrs. Halliday then, in a nervous manner, pushed up the loose coals with a stick into the fire, and cast a look about the cabin to see if everything was in its place; then she steps to the open door, gazes with an anxious look through the darkness up the creek, and heaving a deep sigh turns back into the room, exclaiming, impatiently:

"Oh! how I wish Will would not stay away so late! I think he must have gone to Castroville. What do you think, mother?"

"I heard him say something about ammunition; don't worry, daughter."

"Yes, that must be it; he certainly would not be hunting stock far enough away to keep him so long. I cannot keep from feeling worried about his going out alone, since Jim Slocum was killed and scalped, only five miles from here."

"He's all safe, daughter, you can rest assured."

"I wonder why it is," said Mrs. Halliday, "that the Government will persist in stationing infantry at Fort Clark instead of cavalry, for if scouting parties of cavalry were kept out from Camp Verde and Fort Clark, I do not think we should be in any danger from the Indians here. I never lay down at night without expecting the war-whoop before morning. What are you thinking about, Mary?"

The young lady, who had still kept gazing into the fire while her mother had been speaking, now roused herself upon being directly addressed, arose from her chair, and running her fingers through her long curls with an impatient movement commenced to pace the room, answering her mother as she walked:

"I was thinking, mother, that if Captain Burleson's Rangers were only stationed near here we would then have no fears of Indians or Mexicans; I do think it is dreadful to be constantly in fear of these fiends, who take delight in bloodshed and torture."

"I agree with you in regard to the Rangers,"

said Mrs. Halliday, "but they cannot be everywhere at the same time. It seems to me that ever since that scouting-party came here, you have greatly changed. Who was it you took such a fancy to—Kit Carson, Jr.?"

At the mention of this name, Mary's cheeks became of a scarlet hue, which deepened as her grandmother remarked, in the slow manner peculiar to age:

"Yes, that's the lad; I noticed our Mary took to him from the first time he entered the cabin; his bright laughing eyes, his joyous songs and dashing style would have run me wild, I reckon, had I been young."

"Well, he is a right pert boy," answered Mrs. Halliday, "and I hope he does not drink or gamble if our Mary is to be anything to him. I have seen so much woe and misery in my day caused by rum that I would rather see one that was near and dear to me stretched in her coffin than wedded to one who drinks."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mary, in a decisive manner, "I know he does not drink, for not only has he told me so himself, but I have heard the Rangers often speak of it as being so strange, for they all use liquor, more or less. You remember, grandmother, what happened when they were here? I was in their camp with father, where some of them were drinking, and two of the Rangers, who were the best of friends when sober, became mad at each other, and went out into a post-oak mottle near camp, and fought a duel, in which one was killed. Joe Sommers, the next morning, when he found he had shot his best friend, Charley Newcomb, came near going crazy, and cried over the body half the day. He said 'he did not remember anything that had happened while drunk; and Kit asked Joe to swear that he never would touch anything intoxicating again so long as he lived, which he did willingly, asking God to help him keep his oath and forgive him for his great crime. The Rangers would have hung Joe to a post-oak limb, but he had fought 'square,' as they say, and took no advantage of Charley. Why, mother, I am positive Kit does not drink, or use tobacco in any form."

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. Halliday, "I must say that he is a model young man, and the only one I've seen on the frontier who is free from the vices of drinking and gambling, for I've heard him say myself he knew nothing about cards. I like his appearance very much; so does your father. What keeps him so late?"

CHAPTER II. RED DEVILS.

Just as the last words left the mouth of Mrs. Halliday, a rifle-shot burst on the stillness of the night, followed by a yell of agony, and the sharp, quick clatter of horses' hoofs came toward the cabin from up the river.

"My God! what means that shot and yell?" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, in a frightened and horrified tone, as she sprung to the door of the cabin.

As she gazed out into the darkness, a horse came bounding and panting, crushing the flower-beds, up to the door, and a powerfully-built man jumped from the animal's back to the ground, thrusting her into the cabin, at the same time striking the horse a violent blow with his quirt, which caused him to bound away down the river.

Will Halliday—for it was the ranchero—as he struck his horse, turned an anxious look toward the corral, when, from behind the gate, burst a quick, bright flash, followed by a loud report, and a dull thud, as the bullet entered the logs of his home near him.

Will bounded inside, closed and double-barred the door; then, hastening to his horror-struck wife, he folded her in his arms an instant, pressed a kiss upon the white brow of his daughter, Mary, then saluted in a kindly way his trembling old mother, who had dropped her yarn and sat dumb with terror and amazement.

"Be brave!" exclaimed Will, in a cheery manner, "all of you, and help in place of hindering me. Get all my extra ammunition, Mary, and spread it out on the table. I've got

hard work ahead. The Comanche murderers have run me five miles; they have burned Cotton's ranch, and I reckon have killed them all up the river. Mary, get your little rifle, my brave girl, and watch the loophole toward the creek. If you can brain a squirrel from the top of a pecan you can do some shooting here that will count up for us."

"I'll try, father."

"I know you will. The moon will be up soon and we can have a chance at the red fiends. It is not as dark now as when I rode down-stream. I trust in God and my rifle. Pray to Him, my dear ones, that He will not desert us. You had better put out the fire, Mollie; it might cause our ruin. Don't you fret, grandmother; I reckon, we can beat them off."

"I pray God that you may, my son," said the old lady in a low, trembling voice. "I'm old, but would choose to die a natural death."

A scattering volley of rifle-shots broke the deep silence outside, and a shower of balls and arrows came pattering against the log walls.

A low wail came from the baby on the bed, which caused Will to spring from his loophole, and imprint a loving kiss on his infant's lips, but in an instant he was back again at his post.

Mary, her little rifle grasped firmly, her bloodless lips compressed in a determined manner, stood gazing from the loophole at the north side of the cabin, next the river.

Suddenly her cheek is pressed close to the wall of logs, and she peers into the darkness with double interest. A shot from her father's rifle, the death-yell of a savage, and the maddening whoops of the others, do not distract her.

What does she see?

Just back of the cabin, and not twenty feet from it, stands a pecan tree whose branches overhang the roof. Slowly climbing up the trunk of this tree Mary discovers an Indian; his purpose is plain to her; she sees that the savage intends to make his way out upon the projecting branches, drop down upon and cut his way through the thatched roof; others, who are now watching him, will follow, and while those in front draw the attention of her father, these will have the family at their mercy.

The Indian has gained the first branch of the pecan, and yet Mary does not fire; she hesitates, pale as death, for she has never taken human life, but sees the necessity of doing so now to save those she loves from a horrible death.

The Indian reaches up to clutch the limb above him; his arms are stretched as far as possible, his fingers scratch, then cling about the branch. Mary hesitates no longer; her little rifle is thrust from the loophole and steadily aimed at the warrior in the tree. She pulls the trigger; a sharp report follows.

The painted brave clutches wildly at the branch, swings this way and that an instant, then falls backward with a wild death-yell crashing down through the bushes into the river, and sinks beneath its dark waters.

As Mary's rifle sent its messenger of death, the moon's rays filtered through the branches of the bottom timber, showing the Indians the defeat of their first plan to enter the cabin, as they saw the fall and heard the yell of their comrade from the fatal tree.

The appearance of the moon now gave Will a chance to send three shots, one after another, from his Sharp's rifle, into the group of braves that stood before the cabin and caused them to take to cover.

Now all became silent in and about the cabin; Mrs. Halliday, pressing her infant to her breast, crouched by the side of her mother in one corner, both pale and trembling.

Will, with his rifle grasped firmly, and a cartridge between his teeth, gazed through the loophole in his front by the door, and Mary, firm as a rock, now stood at her post.

What would be the next move of the Indians none knew; half a dozen had been killed by Will and one by Mary; but the woods seemed

full of the fiends, judging from their yells, when one of their number gave the death-howl.

One thing was sure—they must have noticed that no shots came from the ends of the cabin, and Will, thinking of this, walked to the loopholes and took a survey from each up and down the river. He was too late; he could not look up into the post-oak next the corral in the branches of which lurked half a dozen red warriors.

He returned to his post in the front just as a dozen Indians, bearing a log as a battering-ram, in a dead run, sent it crashing against the door, which quivered and splintered, sending a thrill of horror through the hearts of the whites in the cabin.

Will fired instantly into the group of braves as they gathered about the log for a second effort, and two more warriors fell to the earth, while the remainder, with fierce yells of disappointment, sprung back among the timber.

As Will fired his rifle, and was gazing out to ascertain the effect, the thatch was torn from the roof next the corral, and in an instant half a dozen dark forms dropped silently into the cabin!

The first thing to alarm Will and Mary was the crashing of a tomahawk through the skull of his old mother, and a scream of terror from Mrs. Halliday.

The reports of his own and Mary's rifle blended together as they strove to defend those they loved. Two braves gave their last yell as the exultant whoops of the other four warned those outside of their success.

Will fell senseless to the floor from the blows of the tomahawks, and was at once bound as were also Mary and her mother.

The din of conflict inside was suddenly stopped by a terrific crash as the door flew in splinters, into the center of the cabin, followed by a score of war-painted fiends in human form, who dragged the poor helpless prisoners out into the moonlight.

All three were bound to trees opposite the cabin, and the body of the old lady was thrown brutally in front of the bound captives and scalped before their eyes!

There was a wild glare in the eyes of Mary and her mother which told of a desperate horror that was painful to witness, but when an Indian came swinging the little babe by one leg, and its plaintive cry reached the mother's ears, this glare gave place to such a pleading, piteous look that any but a heart of stone would have melted at the sight; but it had no effect upon the red brute, who threw the infant roughly upon the dead body of its grandmother, and hastened back to the pillage of the cabin with his brother butchers.

In less than ten minutes the household goods—in fact everything an Indian would value—was taken from the home of the Hallidays, and bright flames sprung through the roof toward heaven, as if calling upon the powers above to witness this act of fiendish cruelty.

Amid the glare of the burning cabin the dancing demons came yelling toward the captives, to feed their insatiable love of cruelty upon their pain and misery.

One of the Indians, who was by his dress and bearing a chief, walked up to the tree to which Will was bound, and ran his scalping-knife directly through the fleshy portion of his arm.

With a deep groan, which was answered by agonizing shrieks from his wife and daughter, Will lifted up his bowed head and opened his eyes upon the horrid scene before him.

His eyes glared with madness, horror and desperation as he took in the dreadful view—the blazing cabin, his wife and daughter bound, as he was himself, like dogs, the dead body of his wife's mother scalped and mutilated, and his darling infant boy, the pride of his heart, writhing upon the ground among the red demons, who danced with fiendish joy at the sight of his misery.

His sufferings had only just begun. The babe was grasped by one leg by a burly savage and tossed high in the air, being caught, as the poor innocent descended, by another, and then thrown up again and again, amid the heartrending screams of his poor mother.

This dreadful sight caused Mary to faint. The father and husband writhed at his bonds, while the agony-sweat stood in large beads upon his forehead.

A wild cry of anguish burst from the despairing parents as the chief sent the head of the poor baby crashing against the trunk of a post-oak, crushing out its brains, and then throwing its lifeless form down beside the body of its dead grandmother again.

With hellish laughter the red devils watched and fed upon the agony of the parents; the lurid flames flashed and crackled, lighting up the scene of horror, torture and death.

The Indians formed in line, the chief at the head, and went circling, dancing, whirling and yelling past their captives, until at last the head of the line stopped before Mrs. Halliday; her clothing was stripped in shreds from her form, and each warrior, as he passed, gave her a gash with his knife; her shrieks became moans, her moans sighs, and finally, with the blood running in streams down her form to her feet, her head sunk on her breast.

Will's glassy eyes glared upon the gory form of his wife, a glare which spoke of a disordered brain.

The Indians, with wild yells, now drew their tomahawks, and sent them whizzing through the air at the head of Mrs. Halliday; they flew above, they flew to the right, they flew to the left, just grazing her beautifully molded head, and at last, one of the murderous weapons went crashing through her skull, and her sufferings were at an end.

Her scalp was torn from her head by the chief, amid the exultant shouts of the braves, and they danced with hellish joy as they waved it on high—as if defying Heaven—the bloody trophy.

At the whirr of every tomahawk a deathly, dreadful horror ran through the frame of poor Will, causing his form to cringe and shrink, and sent flashes of agony, like seething lightning, through his brain.

One great heavy groan of unbearable agony escaped Will as the tomahawk clove the skull of his wife, and then his head sunk unconscious upon his breast.

The Indians now sprung hither and thither among the trees, flitting like veritable demons—as they were—gathering fagots, and heaping them about the tree to which Will was bound.

CHAPTER III.
RANGERS AT WORK.

Riding like the wind, their mustangs covered with foam and panting with exertion, are three Texan Rangers, clad in buckskin—their eyes bent upon the flames of the burning cabin up the stream.

The one in front, with long black hair, wild, piercing eyes and noble bearing, is Kit Carson, Jr.

Joseph G. Booth, who has won the title of "Reckless Joe," comes next. He is well known from the northern boundary of Kansas to the mouth of the Rio Grande; his light flaxen hair gives him an aspect of great calmness, but there is a stern determination about him that shows grit that may be relied upon in time of need; while he is the life of every party he is with, by his irrepressible good spirits.

Last, but not least, and never last in a charge, comes Tom Clark, one of Texas's adopted sons—a Texan at heart, true and brave, who scorns all *hifalutin* talk as he calls it, and uses as rough words as if he had never seen the inside of a school-house.

"Halt!" comes sharp and quick from Kit, as they arrive within hearing of the Indians. "Twist your lariat round a limb! Live! Live! boys! I'm afraid we're too late. Great God in heaven! if Mary is killed, my life is blighted forever, and I shall live only for vengeance."

"By their yells, Kit," exclaimed Tom, in a low tone, "I reckon that's a heap o' red cusses at the 'er' bloody work, but we can do better 'em flying, or go under trying to do their job for 'em."

"Were there a thousand, I'd hurl myself among them and blot them out with my own hands! No soul is up in arms and eager for the fray! Lead on, Macduff, and damned—ay, doubly damned be he who first—"

"Easy with your Shakespeare, Joe!" warned Kit; "come on, boys, we'll go in on a run, and give them a few shots from our rifles, then just everlasting 'go for 'em' with our sixes at short rucks at the 'er' bloody work, but we can do better 'em flying, or go under trying to do their job for 'em.'"

Away toward the burning cabin bounded the three Rangers, beneath the dark shadows of the trees, leaving their horses behind, well secured.

The Indians were lighting the torture-fire about the tree to which Will was tied, when three rifles sent their lead into them, followed almost immediately by three more shots close onto them, for the Rangers ran like deer.

Six warriors fell dead, and others were wounded; the survivors stood an instant, bewildered at the unexpected attack, and that instant was fatal to many, for on came the Rangers, dropping their rifles and each drawing two revolvers from their scabbards and sending in a hail of lead as they ran.

The Indians fled in terror through the dark shadows of the bottom timber, leaving the fire just flickering up at the feet of Will.

Amid the *melee*, as the first shots were fired by the Rangers, the Indian chief sprang to the tree to which Mary was bound, cut the thongs, and grasping her about the waist, bounded into the woods and left his braves to fight without a leader.

In five minutes after the first shot was fired, not an Indian was to be seen, except the dead and dying, upon the ground.

The latter were soon sent on the long dark trail by Tom Clark, who did not wait for them to complete their death-songs, and who afterward went around lifting hair, while Kit and Joe kicked away the wood, and cut loose poor Will from the tree.

"Where in the name of Heaven is Mary, Will?" exclaimed Kit, in a hoarse, excited voice; but he got only a wild, insane stare as an answer from the ranchero.

Reckless Joe rushed himself in bathing the wounds of Will, while Kit and Tom inspected minutely everything about the ranch, for some clev as to the whereabouts of the young girl, but they had no success.

The dead bodies of seventeen Indians lay scattered about the scene of the tragedy, and the cabin. Some fifteen they thought might have escaped. It had been a dear raid for the Indians.

"Kit," said Tom, "I'd 'a' g'n my scalp to 'a' got her sum sooner. We c'd 'a' cleaned out that hull caboodle, an' had a smart chance to 'a' saved the family."

"I wish to God we had, Tom."

"That's one thing sure, Kit, and certain: a heap on 'em has passed in their checks, and quit the game without hair. I hain't had sich a show to lift scalp since we were at Santa Anna's Peak. Yer lookin' blue, pard, but never you mind; the pesky reds has skuted with Molly, but we'll strike their trail, come sun-up, and get her from them, if we has tew scout clean tew the Staked Plains."

"You don't know who has got her, do you, Tom?" exclaimed Kit, in a dubious tone. "I'm the hardest and fastest rider this side the Rockies. I know his sign, for I've been on his trail many times. He's a pard of Big Foot, the Comanche chief, and they call him Bear Claw. This ain't the first bloody work I've seen of his doing."

"If it hadn't been for the Tonkaway they'd got Will, dead sure, but what's done is done. I reckon it would have been a mercy if they had put Will up; but come, Kit, let's go and see how Joe gets along with him."

As Kit and Tom approached the scene of torture a tall, finely-formed Indian of the Tonkaway tribe came riding up on a fiery mustang, leading the three horses of the Rangers that had been left down the river, when they charged the Indians.

"Hallo, Raven, yer jist in time ter be late; ther fandango are over an' ther music has gone up creek. Couldn't you find 'tother boys, or what's the matter? We c'd 'a' made a bigger spurge if yer had 'a' been here, an' ye've lost hair by it, sure."

"Raven, no! And white warriors!" exclaimed the Indian, regretfully; "camp-fire gone out—trail points to Bravo—Raven come quick, as can ride—kill one horse—catch one on prairie."

The Indian sprung from his mustang down among the dead Comanches, spurning them with his feet, and gazed with bitter hatred upon the silent forms.

Making the horses fast to the branches of a live-oak he was soon groping around the smoldering cabin, inspecting each and every footprint with intense interest.

"I'll bet my sombrero," protested Tom, "that in less time than I'd take ter skin a buck Raven 'll tell us every danged red what's knocked under, an' how ther scrimmage started."

"Boys," announced Reckless Joe, for once in his life wearing a serious air, "I've fixed the Will's wounds, but I reckon he'll never be good for much; he's wild—crazy as a loon, and I don't wonder at it; such a sight as I pray God I may never see again. We must bury these poor mutilated bodies out of sight, and then perhaps Will may be more like himself."

"I seen a spade hide the corral," said Tom, "an' 'll tote it this-a-ways, then we'll dig a grave big enuf fur all three."

Tom at once went to the spot designated, returning shortly after with the article mentioned, and commenced to dig a grave not far from the dead bodies, beneath the shadows of a large tree. Will Halliday sat with the same insane glare in his eyes, gazing fixedly at the dead before him, while Kit and Joe stood with folded arms, watching Tom as he threw the rich soil from the grave.

"Gentlemen," said Kit, earnestly, "this forced inactivity maddens me, when I know Mary is in the hands of the red fiends; but I know it is useless to try and do anything until daylight, unless the Tonkaway, with his keen eyes, makes some discovery."

Kit's remarks were here interrupted by Tom, who sprung from the new-made grave, and wiped the sweat from his forehead, saying:

"Waal, boys! I reckon that's more diggin' than I've done in sun months—not since we had that big scrimmage in the Wichita mountains."

"Yes, Tom," answered Kit, "that will do. Why did you not allow us to help you as it was a hard job?"

"I wanted no help, Kit," answered Tom;

"Mrs. Halliday var alwis kind ter me, an' I'll feel better, dead or ter be, if I helped lay her away decently. I'm going ter fix the grave nice an' soft."

And Tom then climbed up a post-oak, and threw down long masses of Spanish-moss to spread upon the bottom of the grave. The Rangers then dropped their hats upon the grass, and reverently lifted the dead and laid them side by side in the grave—three generations, grandmother, daughter and granddaughter.

Will, watching every movement with flashing eyes, crawled on his hands and knees to the head of the grave, took his place there, gazing down at his dead dear ones.

It was a solemn and impressive sight; the smoldering cabin at times sent up a fork of flame, and then died down, causing a lurid gloom to hover over all.

The swaying footsteps of moss cast fantastic shadows about the strange scene, and black clouds went sweeping across the heavens, at times hiding the hazy moon.

"Can yer say a prayer, Kit?" asked Tom. "I've forgot 'em all what my mother 'lart me long ago—shame me that I has."

Tears ran down the cheeks of these rough rangers of the prairies as Kit, with a trembling voice, muttered a prayer for the murdered innocents in the grave beneath him.

"No," answered Raven; "never fall—Comanche fall in river from tree—Raven go dive for scalp—"

Raven at this held up to view the dripping trophy so much prized by his people.

"Waal, must say yer hanker arter hair, worse'n I do ter go into ther river fur it, but we'll jist fill up ther grave, boys, an' see what the Tonk's found out."

Tom took the spade, and was about to push in the earth, when Will sprang forward, wrenched the spade from his hands, and again took his place at the head of the grave, his eyes glaring like a maniac's, the spade clutched tightly in his hands.

"Let him alone, boys," said Joe, "you can do nothing with him; he hates to see them covered up. He may get over his, and bury them himself. It is very evident that we must leave him with his dead, for we must see if Raven can point to a way of assisting Mary, if she is indeed a prisoner."

The Indian stood calmly by the trunk of a tree, but when Joe mentioned his name, he strode toward the smoking ruin of the cabin, saying:

"Come—Raven will speak wise words."

All four halted as they reached the ruined ranch, and the Indian again addressed them.

"See, Comanche climb tree, here—get shoot—fall in river—more climb that tree—die, holding up his hand with fingers and thumb extended.

"Count tracks—bark scratch—limb broke—make big noise over there—Injun in tree—break roof, drop down—kill old squaw—see—where drag 'em—Will shoot, Mary heap brave; she shoot—two Injuns kill in cabin—burn most up, see!" and the Indian pointed out two charred forms amid the cinders, saying: "too bad—lose scalp—so many Injun dead—beep—twenty—so many go up creek, indicating on his fingers fifteen.

"Bear Claw chief—he take Mary from tree—run fast to horse—ten miles away now—but we catch him—Raven know ford—"

"Then for God's sake let us start at once," exclaimed Kit, impatiently, "and not linger here. Come on, boys!"

Away, like the wind, went the Rangers and the Indian up the Medina river beneath the shadows of the live-oaks, at break-neck speed, leaving Will Halliday seated alone at the head of the grave watching his dead.

(To be continued.)

HOPE.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Earth's hope is like a meteor's gleam,
That darts across the sinner's sky;
And lovelier than a starry beam,
Appears its light to mortals' eye;
But soon upon its brilliant track
The wave of darkness closes back.

The hope of Heaven is like the star
That cheers from northern skies the sight;
To earthly view it never far,
It beams fore'er with steady light;
Though clouds are o'er us everywhere,
We know that stars are shining there.

Elegant Egbert:
OR,
THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE,
AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," "A HARD CROWD,"
"THE KIDNAPPER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FELIX "HAS IT OUT WITH STANHOPE."

By this time Felix was so far improved that he made his appearance regularly in the dining-room, being usually supported thither on the one side by Egbert, and on the other by Adele. But on the day of the remarkable interview recounted in the last chapter, Adele, instead of appearing in person, sent her excuses, and that she would content herself with a little toast and tea in her room, and retire early.

Egbert looked up with a quick anxiety which did not escape Sibly. "O! late, very late that he said or did passed unnoticed by her."

"Is Adele unwell?" he now asked.

"I will go and see what is the matter," volunteered Sibly.

But Felix interposed.

"Don't trouble yourself, sis. She was here only a few minutes ago; and if I am any judge, all she needs is a little letting-alone."

"Come, old fellow," addressing Egbert, briskly, "we can't let our appetites wait on the caprices of anything so variable as a woman."

We must wink at their whims, and in return the dear creatures indulge us in our pet selfishnesses."

Being out of Egbert's range of vision, he frowned hard at Sibly, who was looking at him, put his finger to his lips, to imply that "mum was the word," and smiled knowingly.

Now Sibly, being a woman, had had her eyes open, so that she was in a measure prepared with the key which would unlock the mystery of this pantomime. She turned away to ring the bell and order the immediate service of dinner, just in time to hide the swift flash that sprung to her eyes and the soft blush that mantled her cheek; and with the babe-like innocence with which the Lords of Creation are so often deceived by their subtle rulers, she said:

"Oh, well, every woman has her moments when she don't want to be teased even by her best friends. If they are wise, they let her have her way. So, if you are ready, we will go right down."

Of course Egbert's anxiety was allayed by so high an authority; and he wheeled about, to see Felix looking as if he meditated nothing more ethereal than lamb with caper sauce. He did not prove so much of a gourmand, however, as to grudge time to talk, and his unusual flow of

spirits compensated in a measure for Adele's absence.

When they had returned to the library, and the cribbage-board was set with its pegs in the end-holes, Sibly suggested that, lacking Adele, Mrs. Cornish might find the company of her own daughter agreeable; and the gentlemen went off alone.

And now, for the first time, Felix began to experience a feeling of extreme awkwardness and diffidence. He had never before been so struck by the sad gravity of Egbert's face when at rest. There was not more than ten years' difference in their ages, and yet the lower felt the baseness of a boy in the presence of a sedate man.

"Confound the subject!" he mused, when they had sat for some time in silence. "Is there no way to introduce it—gradually, now, would be the way, according to my notion. I don't want to knock him down with the proposal without any warning. How infernally unconscious he sits there, while I'm all afire."

Then he found audible speech.

"Ahem!" By the way, Stanhope, how do you find Riverside?"

"It is a noble estate, of which any man might feel proud. If I did not love my own home on the Ohio so well, I should envy you this beautiful prospect over the Mississippi. Now that it is suggested, I shall count upon you as my guest during the coming summer."

"Ah—yes—of course," replied Felix, abstractedly. He was musing: "Thunder and Mars! what has this got to do with Adele? I can't very well say that we should like to spend our honeymoon on the Ohio. That would be getting the hang before."

But here the quiet look of surprise on Egbert's face recalled him to a sense of his somewhat informal acceptance of the invitation so courteously extended.

"Oh! I beg your pardon! Yes; I can answer for both my mother and Sibly. We will all be delighted to visit your Northern home. I only regret that this accident has laid me so effectually on the shelf that I haven't been able to make your stay here more pleasant. But as soon as I get on my legs I'll show you some of the country."

"I owe no slight debt to your sister in that direction. In our horseback rides I believe that there is scarcely a spot within ten miles that has escaped us."

Hanged if the thing ain't working itself out! I beg your pardon! Here's an opening right to my hand!"

So overjoyed was he at the prospect that his face brightened radiantly, and he burst forth: "We're quits there, old fellow! While you were taking brake and bae with Sibly, what shall I have done with this confounded game leg, if it hadn't been for Adele—ah—ahem—ah—that is, your sister—Adele—Miss Stanhope!"

Felix was a hopeless wreck. He had run plump into the ditch, and his floundering was simply amazing, as Egbert's blank stare showed.

"I'll have done with this confounded game leg, if it hadn't been for Adele—ah—ahem—ah—that is, your sister—Adele—Miss Stanhope!"

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and his aspect was so utterly wretched and forlorn that Felix pitied him, not being clear as to what it all meant, more than he had ever pitied any human being before. But Egbert almost immediately resumed:

"But nothing was more foreign to my thoughts than any sordid considerations, and of your character as a man I am satisfied from what I have seen of you. Perhaps I ought to have been prepared for this, but—but it has taken me so—unaware."

His eyes, which had been resting on the carpet, now began to wander about the room, as if he were seeking some avenue of escape from a sense of oppressiveness, and he put his hand to his head.

"My friend," he said, suddenly turning his eyes to Felix's face, in a sort of weary pleading, "will you do me a favor? Will you let this matter rest just here until—until— I am not feeling well. Let me take the air a minute."

And leaving Felix to stare after him, open-mouthed, he turned and hurried out of the room, murmuring to himself:

Felix heard the front door clang. Then his feelings found vent in a very forcible expletive, after which he sunk back into his chair and thought.

"Well," he exclaimed, presently, "this interview presents features which are somewhat peculiar. Stanhope never showed signs of mental aberration before; but what is all this row about?"

But nothing came of his cogitations; and though he waited until eleven o'clock, Egbert did not return. Then, being a man, the puzzled lover went to bed to await the issue of the morrow.

When he dropped off to sleep, Felix did not feel sure whether he had "had it out with Stanhope" or not; but on one point he was perfectly clear—he was determined to have the girl, her excellent brother *volens volens*. Therefore there was nothing to disturb his repose.

CHAPTER IX.

A FALSE INTERPRETATION.

"Won't you let me in, dear?" she pleaded through the wooden barrier.

The door swung open, discovering Adele with her hair flowing about in waves of sunlit gold. An unmistakable redness about the eyes, and the suspicion of the ratiocund at the end of the nose. In look and attitude there was that shy pleading which gave to her an air almost infantile and altogether angelic. How was this proud brunette beauty going to take the capture of her big brother's heart by a little midget of a blonde?

The answer came upon her with a swoop; and before she had time to take breath Sibly had caught her in her arms and was smothering her with kisses, and scolding her in that cooing fashion which means just the opposite of what it says.

Of course they cried together, laughing all the while, and when Sibly held Adele at arm's length to look at her, with a sort of amatory cannibalism in her eyes, the little culprit blushed fiery red, and was immediately clutched again and held with her face in Sibly's bosom until she narrowly escaped Desdemona's interesting fate.

Well, Sibly was devoured with curiosity until Adele had told her all about it. Then they discussed it in all its bearings. They wondered how long it would take Felix to "have it out with Stanhope," and how he would go about it. The idea of making a game of cribbage subsidiary to a negotiation of that character! Well! well! men were strange creatures, to be sure!

A subject so vast and so many-sided could not be gone over all in a breath; and then the impending relationship of sisterhood was so novel and so altogether delightful that they must have a foretaste of its sweets; so Sibly found it impossible to leave Adele that night. And when the moon got round so that it could look in at the west windows (which was sometime after midnight, however) it witnessed a picture which would have warmed the hearts of gods and men.

Clasped in each other's arms, so that the threads of gold intermingled lovingly with the ebony tress, lay the two fair creatures wrapped in peaceful sleep—sleep, which lends to innocence and beauty its most ethereal charm, and shows moral and physical deformity in its most hideous aspect.

Having held these facts, the three were left to their own devices. Sibly, however, gazing into one another's faces, Adele instinctively drawing near to the side of the man whom her heart had selected henceforth to be her protector.

"Felix," she said, in a low tone, causing his head to throb at the sound of his name for the first time on her lips, "has this anything to do with your interview of last night? What did he say?"

Now the whole situation seemed to Felix without rhyme or reason. Moreover, the man who had lost his presence of mind before one of his own sex stood no chance whatever between those two dear creatures who stood looking at him with their great liquid eyes. They had him in a corner, from which poor Felix could see no possible way of escape except straight through the lower beds. So putting on his heaviest top-boots (metaphorically speaking) he plunged forward to this effect:

"He acted just like a confounded idiot—"

And here the luckless fellow checked himself, flushing more deeply with mortification than he had been with anger.

With instinctive delicacy he reached out his hand and put it on Adele's, and then went on with an honesty which must have won any one's forgiveness:

"I don't want to call names, little woman—mind of your brother. But I feel as if he hadn't treated me very handsomely. If he's got anything to say, why don't he say it, without so much hemming and hawing that nobody can understand! Then you'd know how to take him."

"Well, but what did he say?" interposed Sibly, to whose comprehension her brother was "rapidly making things no clearer."

"Why, he said he didn't care anything about the money, and I was a clever fellow enough, but he begged my pardon, and he wasn't feeling well, and would let the matter rest while he took the air."

The ladies looked at one another blankly. Either Felix's summary was very fragmentary, or that interview must have been a very strange one.

But before any comment could be made, Felix seized Adele by the wrist, and drawing her close to his side so that he could pass his arm about her waist, said:

"See here, my little beauty! One thing, at least, is settled and sealed—I am bound to have you, if the dev— I beg your pardon again for my unfortunate choice of expression," cried the almost distracted lover. "But what I mean to say is, brother or no brother, I'm going to have you all the same!"

She thought that he was "just splendid" to be so hotly determined to possess her, though of course it was rank heresy for her to dream of opposing Egbert's will. If it came to a real issue between them—which Heaven forbid!—perhaps she would stand passive and let the best man win, like the knights of old!

"Confound him! he can't expect to have you all to himself forever, if you are the only thing he has to love. By the way, that was the prettiest and most sensible thing (one way of looking at it) that he said during the whole conversation."

"Oh!" exclaimed both ladies in chorus, drawing the same inference from Felix's chance words.

Their eyes met like a flash, and by another curious coincidence they both blushed.

"Is that the solution?" cried Sibly. "Oh, you stupid fellow!" cried Adele. "And to think you should give us the key by accident, after puzzling us with such irrelevant matter!"

"What is there to 'oh' about?" asked Felix, a little impatiently. "And if the thing's clear to you, I assure you it's the pitchiest of pitch to me."

But Adele was sobbing on his shoulder, and murmuring something about "poor dear Egbert," while Sibly had turned away, and was trying to bring the color back into her face, whence it had fled, leaving her pale to the lips.

I await enlightenment from your superior powers of penetration," said Felix, with the air of a martyr.

"Felix," breathed his lady-love in his ear, "aren't you touched that my brother's great love for me makes it so hard for

long that he forgot that she was not in possession of facts which were so painfully familiar to him, and therefore could not share his feelings or understand his allusion; so his first words were: "Oh! my precious one, can you ever forgive me?"

And she, answering from her own standpoint, replied: "Forgive you? For what? For loving me so much? Did it pain you so, dear, to give me up to another? But I will love you just the same—more, if possible, now that I know how you need me. You know that nobody, however near they might be to me, could ever take my brother Bertie's place. Why, Felix is willing—he's glad to have it so—that we should all live together, so that you can have me just as much as ever. He isn't jealous one bit, though I told him that, if he didn't let me love you just the same, I should hate him. I said he'd subscribe to that, and that you shouldn't lose anything, while he gained."

And there she stopped, remembering that that was the place where the blush came in.

During the delivery of this speech Egbert's fervid emotions had time to cool, and gradually comprehended the interpretation that had been put upon his strange behavior.

Had he been content to let matters take their course, here was an avenue of escape from the necessity of ugly explanations, left open to him by Felix's lack of penetration. But the difficulty did not lie here—the dread possibilities of the future loomed as black as ever.

She, so frail, so childlike—how could she withstand the storm that hung over her life, ready to burst at any moment? He could but clasp her close in the arms that were powerless to protect her, and breathe heavily with pain.

She saw that she had not won him back to composure, and so tried another tack.

"Come and sit down, dear," she said, and gently drew him to an iron garden bench.

Passively he submitted himself to her guidance. When he had sat down, she perched herself in his lap (as she had done ever since she was a little girl, and he in a measure took the place of a father to her), drew his arms about her, nestled her head on his shoulder, and so, stroking his cheek with her soft palm, looked up into his face with a pleading smile.

"Don't you see?" she said, "I am your own little Adele, just the same. I shan't be one bit more of a grown-up woman than I always have been. I told Felix that I should sit in your lap, and he said that was all right. (Just what Felix had said was, 'A right, my lady, provided, to wit, that you let me occupy your leisure—say during the few minutes each day when Stanhope is taking the air—in the same way') but it wasn't necessary to quote the proviso in seeking to comfort Egbert—was it? So, you see, you can put me just as much as you like."

And again she smiled in his face and kissed him.

The whole proceeding was so innocent and childlike that the world-weary man was touched beyond expression.

Gathering her close in his arms, he murmured:

"Oh, my little darling, how I wish I could take you away from everybody and everything, where we should never know a moment of pain!"

And again he was shaken by a storm of sobs, something like the outburst that night in the state-room of the River Queen.

Now a great hush fell upon the child-woman. She twined her arms about his neck so closely that it would have been painful to him, had his emotions left him free to notice it. Her breast began to rise and fall with labored breathing, and every muscle in her slight frame began to tremble.

For perhaps a minute they sat thus, neither moving or speaking. Then the girl put her hands on the man's shoulders, and drew back so that she could look into his face.

"Egbert," she said, in a voice so hard and husky that it would not have been recognizable as hers, "if it pains you so, I will give him—up."

She choked, seemed to swallow something, and added, in a rising whisper:

"Only say the word."

With the moonlight falling full upon it, every vestige of color had left her face. Her great eyes were disintegrated with a terrible, shrinking dread, as if she were waiting for her death-blow. Pending his reply, she held her breath.

The man was greatly shocked. For the first time he realized what he had made her suffer. Hastily he cried:

"Adele! Adele! Why, my little pet! did you imagine for a moment that I would let a selfish love exist between you and happiness? No, dear, you have made a mistake. My greatest happiness would be to see you loving and loved by a man worthy of your tender heart."

Then came the reaction. The girl seemed to collapse, so suddenly and so completely, that he had to catch her, limp and helpless, breathing in great gasps, and moaning with every exhalation:

"Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!"

And Egbert Stanhope knew how much his devoted sister had offered to sacrifice for him.

By and by tears came to her relief, and then her naturally sunny temperament gradually asserted itself.

When she was calmer, he said:

"Go into the house now, dear, and try to regain your composure. I will come again for subjecting you to such distress."

He put her down, and rose to his feet.

"Won't you come, too, Egbert?" she asked, timidly, still clinging to his hand.

"No—no," he said, with almost a shudder.

"Not yet! There's goodnight!"

He kissed her and turned away.

A moment she looked after him, wistfully, as he walked with bowed head, and then yielded him that unquestioning obedience which was a part of her nature.

Left alone, the demon of unrest again seized upon Egbert Stanhope.

"So much a child, yet with a woman's tenacity of love! What will become of my darling, if he casts her off? Yet what can I do? To separate them now would be death to her heart, if not to her body. But she fitted most to suffer have never the boon of physical annihilation! Hers would be a living death, like mine. On the other hand, some freak of that inscrutable Providence may let her escape. For fifteen years I have met no one who knew—"

He shuddered as the face of Long Jack arose before his mental vision.

Again he was plunged into troubled thought, until once more he burst forth furiously:

"Oh! let the mocking fiends and Omnipotent Beneficence fight between them! What is Felix Corish to me! I am the guardian of no man's honor! Honor! Curse him! if he ever dares to look upon her as a source of disparagement to him, I'll—I'll kill the bound!"

He hurried forth the threat with clenched hands, and blazing eyes; but as suddenly his rage melted into helplessness.

"Oh! my pure darling! my pure darling!" he moaned. "It is her pain that I am powerless to avert!"

While he walked with his hands pressed over his white face, and the tears trickling between his fingers, he was disturbed by the sound of a footstep, and looked up, to behold—

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

REMEMBER I DO NOT FORGET YOU.

BY E. Z. WAY.

"Remember I do not forget you!"
Oh, message as sweet as the strain
Of music far over a river—
As potent as the pain!
"Remember I do not forget you!"
Ah, could I be false and forget
When lips that I've pressed in love's fondness
Bid me to be true to them yet.
No sailor in the teardrop vessel
Ever studied the charts of the sea
More eager to know of the soundings,
Or, of the to-morrow to be,
Than I to the chart of our ocean.
Turn wistful, and eager to know
How far from the dear shore of distance
You've drifted toward the sun's glow.
And now comes the boom of a message,
Oh, sweeter than all that is sweet!
To bid me remember you keep me
In memory naught shall ebb.
And I in my warm heart am keeping
The hope of a faith nursed so long.
That friendship will have rich fruition
Of blisses by sorrow made strong.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nellie, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YAN-KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BOLD GAME FOR LIFE.

WHEN Pretty Nellie left Captain Rafael, she wended her way rapidly down toward the beach, arriving there just as Coxswain Morton landed from a boat, in which he was taking stores on board the *carera*.

"Good-evening, senor! I have a message for you from Captain Rafael."

"What is it, senorita?" asked the coxswain, doffing his hat, for he had long been half in love with the pretty girl.

"There was an old fisherman picked up at sea a short while since, and as he is sick and wounded, Captain Rafael says he can go in the *carera* to Havana with you."

"The captain's word is law, senorita; where is the man?"

"Up at his cabin on the hill."

"I will send for him."

"Oh, no! he is but a shadow, and Senor Martin will bring him down, and we will go out to the *carera* in my boat, for I wish to see that he is made comfortable, you know; but you must give the order to let us on board, and have a place prepared for him in the most quiet part of the vessel."

"I'll not forget, senorita; I only wish you were going along to nurse him, for as I act as an officer on this voyage, I could find plenty of leisure to chat with you," said the gallant coxswain.

"Yes, I would like it; but I cannot now leave the island. By the way, what crew is going?"

"Nellie, first with interest, and then asking the question with perfect indifference."

"The captain first told me to take half a dozen of the islanders; but word just came to me to take a score of the schooner's crew, with two or three sailors."

"Then wish you would do me a favor, Senor Morton," and the maiden looked her very sweetest into the face of the coxswain, who answered promptly:

"You have but to name it."

"Well, Martin, you know, is considered a splendid nurse, and as I have taken a great interest in this poor fisherman, I wish you would detail Martin as one of the islanders to go with the *carera*, and allow him full care of the sick man."

"I will do it, senorita, with pleasure; I will send for him at once."

"No, I will see him as I go back by the guard-house and let him know, for he is on duty there now; then, when he comes aboard he can bring the invalid."

"Just suit your own pretty self, senorita, and you suit me. What are you going?"

"Yes, but I must thank you for your kindness, Senor Morton. When you come again into the basin, be certain to call at the cabin and see me, and the maiden hastily departed, leaving the coxswain quite happy over the talk he had had with her."

As Nellie returned by the guard-house she stopped to speak to the sentinel, a slight tremor in her voice, for she felt that she was playing a dangerous game.

It was just sunset, and the last rays of light fell upon her face, giving it a rosy tinge.

"Senor Martin, at what time do you come off duty to-night?"

"At ten o'clock, senorita; I came on at six."

"Senor, I once heard you say that if you had the chance to leave off your present life, you would give up the sea and return to an honorable career."

"I did say so, senorita, and I meant it," said the sentinel, glancing around him.

"Senor Martin, how much money have you laid aside—that is, how much gold have you?"

The man seemed surprised; but answered:

"A thousand pesos are all I possess, and I have had to dye my hands with blood to get that much."

"Would you like to make as much again by one act?"

"If it is murder I would have to do, no; I am sick of scenes of carnage."

"No, it is to save life. I will give you one thousand pesos if you will act a part for me."

"I will do what I can for you without pay, senorita."

"No; you must take the gold. I have had many presents from the men, and I have far more than the *Sax* named. Say you will do this for me, and I will bring your gold within the hour."

"What would you have me do, senorita?"

"I will tell you. The coxswain, Senor Matt Morton, bade me say to you that you were detailed to sail in the *carera* to-night for Havana, and to come on board with your kit."

"I am glad of this. I have been six months on the island now without a cruise," said the man, in joyous tones.

"I thought you would like it, and so I asked to have you go."

"It was very kind of you, and I thank you, senorita. Now what can I do for you?"

"When you go on board, take your gold with you—also that which I will give you."

"And why, senorita?"

"In case you should not return—in case that, when you got to Havana, you might wish to remain on shore, and take passage in some ship for the United States, you know that you would have two thousand pesos to take with you," significantly said the maiden.

"Pretty Nell, you have some deep meaning under all this. Speak out! if I cannot aid you, I will at least not betray you," said the sentinel.

"Well, when I come back here to-night, I wish to get from you the key unlocking the room in which Paul Melville is confined."

"You had it to-day; you can have it again to-night, poor girl; but he is not worthy of you."

"Of that we will not speak. When I get the key, I wish you to stand at the corner of your cabin, and should you see a man with me, give no alarm."

"Oh, I see; but I would be shot in the morning for allowing him to escape."

"You forget that another guard takes your place, and that you sail at midnight."

"Yes, but upon my return—"

"You forget that you will go on shore at Havana, not to return."

"Oh, yes; liberty and two thousand pesos."

"True; but this is not all. When you are relieved, I wish you to go right aboard with your kit and gold—then return to the cabin where lies the sick fisherman."

"And why, senorita?"

"To meet me there; and more—Captain Rafael has given me permission to send the fisherman to Havana, where he says the poor man shall be taken to a *pulperia* and have every care; also, you are, so Coxswain Morton said, to be the nurse of the fisherman, taking full charge of him, and allowing no one to come near to disturb him on the voyage."

"The fisherman is wounded in the head, you know, which necessitates bandages that almost completely conceal his face, and as he is weak, you can carry him, for you are a strong man, a very strong man, Senor Martin."

"I am listening, senorita."

"Well, after your traps and gold are on board the *carera*, senor, come to the cabin you, and I will meet you there; then you can throw a blanket around the poor fellow, raise him in your arms, and carry him down to the boat. I will go with you on board, to see that he is made comfortable."

"And, senor, if you should think that the fisherman was rather heavy for a man who had been long ill, you need not mention it; you know, any more than you would if you saw that his illness had so changed his face as to be unrecognizable as the one who was picked up in the boat. I will be back soon with the gold, Senor Martin," and Pretty Nellie quickly disappeared.

"Wait an hour she was back again, a shawl around her form, and in her arms she carried a bag heavy with gold, which she placed down by the cabin."

"There is the gold, Senor Martin. When you go on board the *carera* with your traps, don't forget to take this key; now for the key, if you please."

The sentinel handed her the key, with the remark:

"This is a dangerous game, a desperate game, you are playing, senorita."

"What I return this key to the guard, and the maiden disappeared in the cabin, and the moment after stood before Paul Melville.

"Have you freed yourself of your iron?" she abruptly asked.

"Yes, Nellie; but what is your plan?"

"I will return this key to the guard, and neither speak nor make the slightest sound."

"I will obey; lead on."

Out of the room the two went, the maiden locking the door behind her, and then turning to her companion, she said:

"What I return this key to the guard, you go behind the cabin and await me there."

Looking out of the door, she saw through the darkness the form of the sentinel, standing at the corner of the cabin, his back turned toward them.

"That is your way; now go, and await my coming," and stepping out Nellie walked briskly toward the sentinel, while, darting out of the door, Paul Melville turned in the other direction and disappeared around the corner.

"Here, senor, here is your key; in a short while you will be relieved; then go on board the *carera*, and return quickly to the cabin. For the present, *adios*."

Come, we must make a *detour* to avoid seeing any one," she said, coldly, while the man murmured earnestly:

"Bless you, Nellie; you are an angel, and I a very devil to have ever deserted you."

The maiden made no reply, but led the way close in under the wooded hillside, until they reached the lonely cabin, in which lay the body of the dead fisherman.

"If you do not fear the presence of the dead, enter."

With a shudder Paul Melville stepped into the cabin, and following him closely, Nellie closed the door behind her, and he took her by the hand, stood in total darkness, and no sound broke the silence but the moaning of the sea upon the rocky shore.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

"PAUL MELVILLE, to-morrow you are doomed to die—do you fear to wear a dead man's clothes now?"

In spite of his courage, and he was a brave man, Paul Melville again shuddered, while he answered:

"What would you have me do, Nellie?"

"I will tell you. A fisherman was picked up at sea, some time since, in an open boat; he had been robbed, wounded and set adrift by some buccaner vessel."

"When brought here he was very ill, and I have nursed him as carefully as I could; but to-night, with no one near him, he died, and I found him dead, lying in the corner, a little over an hour ago; he is still there."

"Hitting upon a plan for you to escape, I obtained permission to send the fisherman to Havana, to be taken care of to-night, and I have bribed a man to take care of him on the way, and to carry him on board the *carera* to-night. He will be here within the hour, and you must be the fisherman."

"But he will find out the cheat."

"No; he cannot see it through gold, and your weight he will not notice, as he is a strong man; in fact he knows that he is to play a part. Will you escape in this way?"

"Any way is preferable to death at the yard-arm. I will do anything you wish, Nellie."

"Then, here, take the key to the body. Here it is. Put his clothes on over your own, then roll him in a blanket, and I will come back and join you; but, Paul Melville, first pledge me one thing if I aid you to escape, and the maiden spoke earnestly:

"Name it, my friend."

"That I will never bring harm to those on this island—that you will never pilot any vessel-of-war here—swear this, Paul, by your every hope in life."

"I swear it, Nellie."

"It is well; now I will leave you for a few moments, and the maiden left the cabin, while Paul Melville turned to the dead body, emaciated by long illness, disrobed it, and pulled the rude suit on over his own clothing, after which he rolled the corpse up in a blanket, and stood awaiting the return of the maiden, his heart throbbing and brain whirling with the emotions that swept over him."

Soon she returned, and lighting an oil taper she took from beneath her shawl a false beard and wig, which she placed upon the face and head of Paul Melville, after which, with linen bandages wrapped skillfully across his forehead, she disguised him that none would have suspected him of being other than the wounded fisherman."

"Now throw yourself there on the cot, and await my return. If any one comes while I am away, feign illness, and say I will soon be back."

"But, Nellie, the body of the dead man will be found in the morning, my escape will be discovered and trouble will fall upon you," said Paul.

His words affected her deeply, and it was a moment before she could speak, for she thought: "He is not wholly selfish, as I believed; he does care for me after all."

"The body will not be found, for I was just going to carry it away—and—"

"And what, Nellie?"

"And hide it from discovery."

"Nellie, let me do this—you are too frail to bear the load."

"No; I can easily carry the corpse, worn down as it has been by illness. You must remain here."

As she spoke, the maiden, yet not without a shudder, raised the body in her arms, and left the cabin.

Watching her chance she slipped into the gloom of the overhanging cliff, and as rapidly as she could, directed her steps up the glen to where a path led up the hillside.

Ascending this with considerable difficulty

owing to her load, she soon came to the plateau, or top of the cliff, and turned toward the north-east end of the island, where the rocky hill broke off in a precipice that overhung the sea, hundreds of feet below.

Upon the edge of this precipice she halted, and laid down her lifeless burden, while the sweat stood in great beads upon her forehead, and her breath was drawn hard and fast.

"Oh, it is horrible! yet I must do it! I must not shrink now. No, no, no! not after all I have dared."

"He is dead! Let me see if he really is dead," and the slender fingers rested upon the pulse, and then the hand was placed over the heart.

"Yes, he is dead; yet it is fearful to hurl him into the sea, and I know I will see his falling form nightly in my dreams."

"But why do I hesitate? My hesitation may lose all! I must act!"

With firm-set teeth she raised the body again in her arms, and with a mighty effort hurried it over the cliff; then, with a stifled cry she turned and fled from the spot.

Over the plateau she went like a frightened deer—down the steep hillside, along the path to the cabin, until with a groan of joy, she rushed into the cabin as a place of refuge, and fell forward into the arms of Paul Melville.

"Nellie, my God! What alarms you? Are we discovered? If so, give me arms and I'll not die like a dog. Speak, Nellie, what is it?"

"Have no fear; the fright was for me, not for you. Hal! there is a step; it is Martin."

A gentle tap came upon the door, and rising, the maiden with considerable difficulty went to open it.

The sentinel, Martin, stood before her.

"I have come," he simply said.

"And your traps, and the gold?"

"Are on board the *carera*. Where is the fisherman?"

"He is here. You see that he is all bundled up for the voyage," and she pointed to the cot, upon which Paul Melville had thrown himself.

By the dim light from the taper Martin saw the form of the pretended fisherman, and crossed to the cot, where, bracing himself as though for a heavy load, he raised Melville in his arms.

Instantly Nellie put out the light and quickly followed on the way down to the beach, Martin, in spite of his load, walking with a firm tread.

Without incident they reached the landing, and there Nellie's boat awaited them.

It was a light craft, built for her by some of the buccaners, but it readily held the three who entered it, Martin seated in the stern, still holding his charge in his arms, while Nellie held the oars and pulled rapidly for the *carera*, that lay half a cable's length from shore.

Running alongside, they were met at the gangway by two seamen; but declining assistance, Martin stepped on board still bearing his weight, and soon had the supposed wounded man in a reclined but amiable position.

"Will you remain by him for an instant?"

"Yes, Senor Martin; but I must go on shore soon," returned Nellie.

"I will be but a minute," and Paul Melville was alone, perhaps for the last time, with the woman whose happiness he had wrecked, whose life he had attempted to take, and who in return was saving him from death at the yard-arm.

"Nellie," said the man, softly, attempting to grasp her hand.

"Do not speak to me. What I have done, I have done, and I let it rest," groaned the maiden, and in the dim light from a swinging lantern, some distance away, he saw her bury her face in her hands.

"Nellie, we will meet again; you will not be forgotten," he said, softly.

"Never! never meet again. Remember your pledged faith, Paul Melville, never to come here again. Now I must go, for here comes the *Senor Martin*."

"One moment. I mean we shall meet again. Now, Nellie, kiss me good-by."

"No! I cannot!"

"Nellie, if I should be discovered, dragged from here and swung up to the yard-arm, you would, when you heard of it, regret deeply that you had refused my last request. Kiss me, Nellie."

The girl stooped quickly—her lips met those of the man who had destroyed her happiness, and the next instant she was gone and Paul Melville was alone.

As Nellie ascended to the deck she met Martin, and she said, faintly:

"Care for him well. Let no one go near him yourself, and upon landing at Havana go ashore at night; take him to a *pulperia*, and there your work will have ended. Here is gold for incidental expenses. No thanks. Lead a different life, and manage in some way to send me word that all is well. *Adios, adios*."

Drawing her hand from that of the seaman, she bounded to the gangway, and there met Matt Morton, the coxswain.

"Well, senorita, your man is aboard, Martin tells me. I hope



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Sunshine Papers.

Wanted—"A Sure Cure."

THERE are certain ills, common to all humanity, which are infectious, productive of deplorable results, generally chronic in nature, and of horrible frequency. And yet, no physician has made a diagnosis of these diseases, nor discovered the proper *materia medica* to be employed in the treatment of them, nor even bestowed upon them a polysyllabic name. And since that class of men and women who profoundly pretend to devote their energies, time and talents to the restorative and healing arts have remained unconscious of these ills of mankind, or, having discovered that they defied their curative abilities, have quietly ignored them, it falls to the lot of less learned individuals to proclaim the existence of these evils, and point out their symptoms, in the hope that some little further contagion may be avoided, or, perhaps, an aspirant after fame and fortune enabled to accumulate the latter, and gain the former—the addition of a *Prof.* or *M. D.* to his name—by patenting some remedial agency for their sure and universal cure.

Two of these diseases that have, as yet, wholly baffled medical art, are affections of the optical organs. The first, though common to young women, ordinarily decreases, somewhat, in its virulence with the advance of age; but having once attacked a male being it is rarely gotten rid of through life. The symptoms of this disease are easily discernible; even by strangers to the afflicted persons; and, oddly enough—"Consistency, thou art a jewel!" truly—often those who are themselves victims to it are the readiest to discover and condemn its existence in others. Its presence is betrayed by utter loss of control of the eyes, and the tendency of those organs to always rest upon some member of the opposite sex; by degrees, the orbs assume a bold look, they whimsically raise and lower, bestow and withdraw their

glances; and even the lids acquire nervous tricks of modification and movement; sometimes the disease is so violent that it extends to the muscles of the mouth and neck, causing smiles to come and go at the glance of strangers, and the head to be turned, to gaze after masculine or feminine unknowns.

And the results of this ill—popularly called, for lack of a scientific name, *firting*! Frequent annoyances to ladies, and, sometimes, gentlemen, who come in contact with the diseased persons; lack of self-respect, and the respect of worthy people, on the part of the victims to this illness; and mutual scorn and insulting mental conclusions, concerning each other, between those of the two sexes who have contracted it.

The other optical affection alluded to, is sometimes set down as near-sightedness; but a careful analysis of the habits, manners and symptoms of disease, exhibited by those suffering from this defect of vision, proves, most conclusively, that the illness is not identical with short-sightedness, however much charitably-inclined persons may be given to offering that explanation in behalf of the sufferers. There is a certain limit, at all times and in all places, to the vision of a person really near-sighted; but victims to this other affection of the eye at one time recognize a well-dressed friend passing upon the opposite pavement, and five minutes later will be utterly unable to see, at the same distance, an acquaintance wearing a shabby coat. One day they can discern a neighbor's smile and bow, and genially respond to them; the next day they are sadly blind to these civilities, and, of course, though gazing straight in that direction, can neither see nor respond to what was plainly beheld and reciprocated yesterday. This disease betrays itself in a hundred insolent, haughty, uncharitable tricks of manner, and results in depriving its victims of all claims to respect, admiration, true politeness, and Christianity; besides engendering many unhappy thoughts in the minds of those who feel its effects.

Another of these strange ills affects the remembrance of the diseased person alarmingly; it might be called *Contraction of the Memory*, if such a commonplace English appellation was only as expressive, learned, and plain as some Greek or Latin title. Persons afflicted with it are often unable to recall acquaintances they had when they themselves were poorer; or that they ever occupied a lower social standard; or that they have ever lived in less style; or that they have committed any questionable deeds; or that they have made large subscriptions to charities and never paid them; or that they have any unfulfilled promises existing against them; or that they ever had a love-affair except the one that ended in marriage; or that they have any poor relations; or the date of their own age. While other individuals suffer from an ill that might be defined as *Enlargement of the Memory*. In this case the victim of the disease knows the age and history, public and private, of all acquaintances; how well or ill husbands and wives, among their friends, agree; where Mrs. L. bought this and how much she paid for it; how Mr. R. made his money and how he spends it; how many lovers Miss C. has had, and how many buttons she has upon her new spring suit; and how much salary "young D." gets, and how much he owes his tailor.

And, how shall these ills of eyes and minds be cured? How shall young women be broken of the detestable habit of responding to public smiles and glances, and men be made to keep their staring eyes off every nice-looking female they meet? How shall persons be made to see clearly, every day, what they can see clearly sometimes, and be taught to act the part of well-bred courtesy habitually, instead of on occasion? How shall people be compelled to remember what they were once as well as what they are now, and to whom they are related, and obligations they have incurred, or realize that they have, by their wilful forgetfulness, forfeited the respect of respectable men and women? How shall such individuals be made to know everything concerning their neighbors' affairs, and everything else in the world, worth knowing (in their own estimations), be made to comprehend that no one, human or divine, cares to have them trouble themselves to attempt to run the universe or keep the books of the Recording Angel?

For these ills, will not all who have suffered from their effects, and all who are quite free from any taint of contagion from them, within themselves, seek for a "sure cure?"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

BURLESQUE.

In the acting edition of "Richard III., the officer has the following words set down for him to speak: "Stand back, my lord! and let the coffin pass!" From time immemorial it has been thought to be a good joke to impress upon the mind of the person who has to utter those words the caution—"Now, be sure not to make a mistake and say: 'Stand back, my lord! and let the person cough.'" This is so repeatedly dinned into the actor's ears that, when the time comes for those (to him) momentous words to be uttered, he is so fearful he will make the mistake that he actually does so, and almost unconsciously.

I know that is an old story, but it called to my mind another incident to show what an effect this spirit of burlesque may have upon a person's mind. One of my cousins was learning that noble poem, "Eugene Aram," to recite at an exhibition. I had grown so tired of hearing him repeat the lines:

"When four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school,"

that, whenever he commenced to rehearse them, I would follow him about, and, out of mischief, mimic his tones and exclaim:

"Four and twenty blackbirds
Were baked into a pie."

When the time came for my cousin to declaim the piece in public, and he was about to speak the lines I had so often burlesqued, I could see how he struggled to repress a laugh, and he told me afterward that the "four-and-twenty blackbirds" came on the tip of his tongue, and it was only by the hardest effort that he kept from uttering them. Imagine the effect it would have had upon an audience had he done so.

Probably Shakespeare's works have been more burlesqued than any other person's. I have seen hundreds of parodies on Hamlet's soliloquy. One of my amateur friends considers it a shame to burlesque the noble bard's plays. I think so, too, whenever I see that same friend endeavor to perform in one of Shakespeare's plays. That may be a spiteful remark, but it is a true one.

People, fashions, good and evil characteristics of individuals, persons' traits, and topics of political interest—all are burlesqued.

The spirit of burlesque has eradicated many evils, for many persons are sooner ridiculed out of follies than preached out of them. And some burlesque is quite clever and will do no

harm, if kept within a certain limit and does not offend good taste.

Some authors have, of late, been inclined to burlesque certain portions of the Bible. To me, that seems irrelevant and silly. There are plenty of other subjects for the humorist's pen without ridiculing the Holy Volume.

And I don't like the idea of making fun of such serious subjects as death or funerals; the words will cut some one to the heart deeply, and the better class of the community will not think any the more of him who makes light of such sad subjects.

Upon the stage, a drunken man or a deaf person is thought to be exceedingly funny when well represented, but such persons are, generally, to be pitied. I wonder if they are looked upon in the same light in real, actual life? To me a drunkard is always a very sad sight, never a merry one; and any one afflicted with deafness, blindness or lameness has my sincere pity. Do not laugh at the mistakes a deaf person may make when he misconstrues questions asked him. The infliction is hard enough to bear without having it made sport of. A person was once heartless enough to say to one who was partially deaf, "I wish I could bore a tunnel through your ears." The answer came, "Do you suppose if I could hear I would only be too glad to answer? Why fret at an affliction that makes me the chief sufferer?"

Perhaps if we were to think more and speak less we might be more willing to bear with others and not blame them for what they cannot prevent.

Many school-girls, who are well off, dress well and have enough to eat are apt to "poke fun" at some of their school-mates who are more poorly clad and whose luncheons are more meager than their own; yet, if others knew how this ridicule strikes to the heart, their better nature would point out their error to them, they would apologize and do so no more. The poor have tender feelings, and they are very, very sensitive. You may think them over-sensitive, but that is their misfortune and not their fault. Just think how would you like to be made fun of? Not one bit! Then do not be burlesque or ridicule others.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Grand Concert Troupe.

The Concert Troupe, of which I am the prominent and appropriate proprietor, showed in this city last week to a house which was as full as you could get, and opened the season in a splendid manner. The overture, consisting of "Yankee Doodle" and variations, affected the audience so much that they had to make overtures themselves to stop it, as it was more than they could hear at one time.

When I sung in my most effective vein the celebrated "Song of Steam," with my arms imitating piston-rods, the whole concert got so wrapped up with the spirit of the song that by one accord they improvised a chorus suitable to the song in the shape of a simultaneous escape of veritable steam all over the house. It lent a pleasing effect, and the hisses of the steam were well and happily rendered.

When Signor Fervetti executed a fantasia on the bass-drum with only a single stick it reduced the audience to tears, and also reduced it fifty or sixty. When he made his exit they also made their eggs hit at the same time.

When Signor Bassora sang "What is Home Without a Mother-in-law?" he did it so perfectly that sixteen old-aged females immediately filled the vacancy on the stage left by the singer. There could be no more perfect rendition.

Miss Thompsonetta sang

"I am waiting, darling, at the gate,
And supper is an hour late," etc.

It was so effective that all over the house indulgent and loving wives were seen to grasp their husbands by the collars spontaneously, and give them the shaking which they deserved, and which had not been given until inspired by the song.

When I executed the celebrated "Hear Me, Norma," on an organ, the critics said it was performed almost as well as if one of the celebrated masters had done it; and that it would be perfectly rendered if I would give it a little more of the delicacy of touch and get a new note or two put in the organ. They said I turned the crank with the precision of the grindstone, and predicted a bright future for me if I would only pursue it with diligence, and quit stopping to spit on my hands so much.

As Monsieur Bonetti was executing "Old Daniel Tucker," to much applause, on the trombone, he accidentally ran the instrument too far down his throat and it had to be drawn out with a pair of tongs.

When, accompanied by the accordion, I sweetly sang "Old Grimes," the audience was so mournfully affected that it cried—Stop! It was much too much for their tender feelings.

In the midst of the singing of "Oh, Susannah," by Mons. Podd, he suddenly recollected that Susannah was the name of his washerwoman, and as he owed Susannah, he quit "Oing Susannah" for fear she might be present.

Two or three other fellows, besides myself, played an air (and put on several more airs than the musical score called for) entitled "John Brogneux had a diminutive Indian," which was so touching that the whole audience groaned—they could not help it, and a large portion of it melted—out of the entry.

"Golden threads among the Hash" was exquisitely rendered by a quartette selected from convenient boarding-houses, and as the ladies happened to be present, they rushed up and made them think they were landed gentlemen, for they landed several blows on their heads. The popular verdict was that they sung it too well.

When the duet, "In the sweet by and by I will settle that little bill," was sung, it ran like electricity through the crowd, one-half stamping and clapping their hands wildly, and the other half crying stop and groaning. It was supposed that one-half owed the other half.

When I played "Home, Sweet Home" it awakened new feelings for home in every breast present, and one enthusiastic gentleman got up and said so, and assured me that now everybody wanted to go there, no matter how terrible his home was. It started new emotions—and many of the crowd.

Signior Mantilla sweetly sang "No one to love, no one to care," and all the young ladies, looking at his long curls, said it was too bad, and after he left the stage his wife jerked every hair out of his head, and as she hit him one over the eye she asked him if he would think after this that he had no one to care for? He had no time to make a suitable reply.

When Mademoiselle Bangerhairs sang "Who, oh, who will love me?" the whole audience, with one accord, who-tes, and a cabbage in full bloom was landed on the stage—as no

flower was large enough to fully express the feelings of the audience.

When the quart and petteuse sang:

"When a body meets a body
Comin' through the rye,
The last word was repeated all over the house in a dry kind of a way, and several left."

When two male singers sang "Roll on, Silver Moon, guide the uncertain pedestrian on his homeward way," several said they had better start before the moon rolled too far away, as they depended a good deal on it.

When a songstress sang:

"Dear mother, I've come home to dye
My hair a golden bronze,"

the audience went in ecstasies—and tens and dozens.

The man who performed a waltz on the French harp accidentally sucked a few of the keys down his throat, and as he took most of the music in and the audience didn't, he coughed and quit. The deceased cats strewn on the stage were removed, and the flutist fluted a flute to the tune of "Barbara Allen," which raised the whole audience—out of the seats, and moved them so completely that it moved many out of the house.

The last song was "Well done, good friend, well done," and the echo that came from the further walls was "well done, good friends, well done, too well done."

This concert troupe is now open to engagements—those who are unmarried, and no grass widows need apply. Their singing is very singular. Every one has been educated at Sing-Sing, and most of them are single. If you wish a stir in your neighborhood, address, with reference, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

"The tobacco-chewer is almost unfailingly a public and private nuisance. He is filthy; he is disgusting; he is loathsome; he is oblivious to self-respect and as indifferent to others' opinion as a pig." That is what a noted preacher said the other day in giving advice to a graduating class. We want to send that preacher a diamond, or a horse, or an extra year's salary, just to encourage him to keep on talking that kind of talk. Young men, who are now forming your manners and habits for life, pray heed what the preacher says, for it is only too true that the habit of tobacco-chewing and spitting renders a man literally a repulsive creature to every well-bred man and woman he meets.

In Sweden, 1,500,000 persons—about one-half the population—annually consume 140 to 170 pints of spirits each. By their indulgence in strong drink the Swedes have deteriorated in stature and physical strength; new diseases have appeared, and old ones have increased fearfully. And yet, let a man rise up and demand the total suppression of this ten times accursed liquor manufacture and sale, and he is called a "fanatic"—a bigot—an enemy of people's rights! If there is no infernal region where wrong-doers expiate for a life of crime, pray what becomes of the liquor-dispensers? They assuredly would be out of place in heaven.

A new attraction to the Black Hills region is announced. It is said that oil has been struck there, at a locality 100 miles south of Deadwood, and samples are exhibited, said to have been brought thence, from a well as deep as 1,000 feet. The reports of oil discoveries in the Cumberland region of Kentucky and Tennessee are more frequent, definite and promising than hitherto. The California oil wells are rapidly increasing their number, and the total production begins to be of importance. The oil is claimed to be, in various particulars, better than that of Pennsylvania; in one instance it can be used for lamps without refining, and is so used, just as it comes from the well.

General Myer—otherwise "Old Probabilities"—is said to be intensely dissatisfied with all failures in the daily average of weather reports, and asserts that in ten years' time success will come. All such failures come from the ocean and the north-east. He has, it is reported, a plan to anchor six ships at distances of 250 miles each, just like the lights off the Highlands, to put them in telegraphic communication with the Atlantic cable, to make them floating harbors of refuge so that any boat's crew on the main channel of commerce could reach a home and shelter, within a little more than a mile, and also that the news of any disaster, any gale, any low barometer, any storm impending on our northern coast, could come to him in his office at Washington.

From Nevada we have the announcement of a new star in the musical world, a "lady" who plays on the piano equally well with feet and hands, a great feat, literally. A Nevada editor, chronicling the fact and heralding the news delicately remarks: Her "pedal extremities" are developed in the most marvelous manner, the toes greatly resembling fingers in length and style of action. The advantage gained by her pedal performances is that the reach is not so great as with the hands—covering fully three octaves of the key-board! In the rendition of military compositions the effect is terribly striking and life-like—especially where the breadth and thickness of the lady's understanding would be looked upon with astonishment outside of Nevada, but such things are so common there that they are not noticed.

The "loud" style and vulgarity of the families of the "bonanza kings" is a theme of constant remark at home, and now, unfortunately, has gone abroad to bring still more ridicule upon the American name. At a late ball given in Paris by the banker Cornuschi, the wife of one of these bonanza magnates wore a dress of caribee faille, covered in front with jet embroidery, worked with the beads called "multicolored," and which are to imitate precious stones. The immense train was pink silk, almost concealed with old point d'Angleterre; her ornaments were sapphires and diamonds, but of unparelled beauty; the sapphire in the center of the necklet was literally as large as a pigeon's egg. Her head-dress consisted of red roses and magnificent diamonds, and almost at the top of her left arm she wore a bracelet, in the center of which was a single diamond the size of the largest hazel-nut.

General Crook, the best Indian-fighter in the country, says that it is a hard thing to be forced to kill the red-men when they are clearly in the right. He was among the Bannocks in the spring, and finding them in a desperate situation telegraphed for supplies, but word came that no appropriation had been made. He states that the tribe have never been half-fed. The agent has sent them off for half a year, to enable them to pick up something to live on, but there is nothing for them in that country.

The buffalo is all gone, and an Indian can't catch enough jack-rabbits for himself and family, and then there ain't enough jack-rabbits to catch. What are they to do? Starvation is staring them in the face, and if they wait much longer they will not be able to fight. They understand the situation, and fully appreciate what is before them. Those prairies are their last source of subsistence. They are covered with water from April to June or July, and there is a sort of root which grows in them like a sweet potato. A squaw can gather several bushels a day of them. They then dig a hole and build a fire in it. After it is thoroughly heated the roots are put in and baked, and when they are taken out they are very sweet and nice. This root is their main source of food supply. When that fails, and their squaws and children are starving, they go to war. Then the army is sent out to kill them. General Crook has a strong word for the present Indian policy. He calls it an outrage.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Twilight Reflections;" "The Way of It All;" "Summer Song;" "Ordering a Wife;" "The Coral Brooch;" "The Parson's Choice;" "Brimman's Hens;" "Seventy-two To-day;" "Cousin Belle;" "Vates Anchors Virtus."

Declined: "The Warden of the Glen;" "Oh, Sweet the Gift;" "Poppies;" "Twin Stars Her Eyes;" "The Daughter's Plot;" "The Charm;" "An Answer to a Smiler;" "Laughing, you know, I'm Entrez;" "Three Times and Out;" "How Much She Won;" "Waiting for the Prince;" "Receiving Much, and Giving More;" "The Mountain Forever."

E. R. C. See the "Half-Dime Singer's Library for the best comic songs."

FRITZ. Bismarck was sixty-three years old last April. He is "chancellor" of the German empire; C. N. E. Declined MSS., if worth preservation, as kept for a few weeks subject to order. Only worthless MSS. are at once tossed into the basket.

C. B. We cannot supply the novel named at present. Will send you our catalogue on receiving correct address. You can only harden your hands by use.

SUBSCRIBER. The mixture named is an excellent one for the skin. As to making skin soft and firm nothing is better than bathing in tepid water daily—putting a little ammonia or borax in the water.

MARY. If your father is disinclined or averse to your plan need it necessarily be abandoned? Seeing that it is essential to your success, enlist some other member of the family—an elder brother, if you have one.

INFORMATION. We do not think the "White Eagle Center of 1877" has any special price above its coin value.—A boat is steamed usually in proportion to its "breadth of beam"—or its bearing on the water-line.

J. A. H. The recitation meant is probably the noted "I Am Not Mad," of Lewis; or the "Go Feel What I Have Felt." Both are given in the "Dramas and Readings," published by Beadle and Adams, price twenty cents.

TWO YOUNG SPILERS. A bad breath proceeds from disordered stomach or decaying teeth. The cure is of course to remove the cause. Be very sure to keep the teeth clean. Use the tooth-brush regularly after each meal. Georgius III. was George III. of England.

Mrs. E. H. B. King David's mother is supposed to have been Nabash, who is stated in the Bible to have been Abigail's mother, and as Abigail was David's sister the presumption is fair that Nabash was also the mother of King David. Nabash was the son of Jesse. Jesse may have had several wives, as was common in those days, but there is no Biblical authority to show that he had.

JOHN KENT. See Declined last. "The Mountain Forever" is brimming with feeling but shows that it is a first endeavor. Try again. All who succeed must make their "maiden effort." Don't dread censorship or disparaging remarks. Be self-conceited enough to be confident of your power to please. Your literary friends' advice and help "accept with thanks," for very young lady aspirants to press honors have such kindly assistance.

THREE SCHOLARS. Pestalozzi was a celebrated school-teacher in Switzerland; Froebel, the same; Thomas Arnold a great school-teacher and friend of popular education; Horace Mann a great American exponent of education. A teacher in a primary grade ought to be well informed in the advance grade's course. No teacher should be ignorant of whose knowledge is limited to the grade he teaches. We have only too many such incompetents in all sections of the country.

ELLA F. It is certainly a very contemptible thing for persons to ask servants or children to concern themselves with their employers' affairs. A real lady instead of encouraging a neighbor's child to communicate family matters as long as she can, should mind to some other subject or pleasantly put a stop to the child's revelations. The person who systematically tries to gain information from servants or children, which they could not otherwise give, is as dishonest as the person who would help themselves to their neighbor's goods.

HENRY H. L. asks: "When is the proper time to paint a house? And is there any way which the oil in the paint can be kept from soaking into the wood and leaving the lead dry and crumbling?" All buildings should be painted in spring or autumn. The paint will not be so hot in the summer as it is in the winter, and it dries slowly and becomes hard, like a glazed surface, and is not easily weathered by the weather. The heating of stoves, and the small flies collect upon it as in the winter season. The oil in the paint is only apt to soak into the wood in hot weather; but that can be avoided by a little extra trouble and expense; give the surface first with raw oil; then apply the paint.

Mrs. PATIENCE ANGRY says: "What do you think of a lady visiting at a friend's house and appropriating all her friend's hairpins and carrying off all the pins on the cushion? I find that so many ladies do this I don't know what to make of it. I think it a mean contemptible kind of stealing. A married lady visited an afternoon at a friend's house, and carried off half a box of small hair-pins. I had handed her the box to use some from it for her hair, and all she did not make use of she pocketed. What do you think of that? We think that the person in question had very little principle or self-respect and a great deal of 'abominable cheek.' The habits you mention are certainly both unadvisable and dishonest. It is the proper thing for a hostess to see that her guest's room is well provided with such little necessities; but the guest who is not excessively mean will not think of carrying away with her more than is unavoidable."

ELSIE DEAN writes: "Is there any meaning to particular kinds of rings? If a gentleman gave one lady a ring set with garnets, and another an emerald ring, would it be because the stones had some significance? And if stones do have a meaning, and I wanted to select something handsome, in a ring, to give my lover upon his birthday, would you advise?" According to the ancients, all precious stones had a significance; and certain ones were supposed to be particularly associated with certain months. Whether the gentleman's selection and gifts had a definite meaning, or not, we cannot, of course, determine; but, if so, the garnets signified constancy and fidelity, and the emerald, sincerity. "Suppose you make your lover a present of a ring containing such a stone as governs his birth-month. The stones and their influence correspond with each month as follows: January—diamond; February—amethyst; March—bloodstone; courage, presence of mind; April—diamond; innocence; May—emerald; success in love; June—agate; health and long life; July—cornelian; contented mind; August—sardonyx; conjugal felicity; September—chrysolite; antidote against madness; October—opal; health, domestic happiness; fidelity; December—turquoise; prosperity."

HATTIE D. G. Harriet, also spelled Harriot, is the feminine diminutive of Henry; the former being the German and the latter its English form; and it means the "head" or chief. It is a French name, you quote as a French proverb, "Rira bien, qui rira le dernier." He laughs well who laughs last.—You can make it your own, if you just want your druggist to make it for you. It is just what you desire for whitening the skin, and if prepared at home will be purer than any you can buy. Mix one ounce of fine pink honey with one ounce of white soft-soap (made from lard and potassa) and one teaspoonful of liquor of potassa; the mixing should be done in a rubber mortar until a smooth cream is produced. Add by degrees, gradually, this second mixture, composed of seven-eighths of a pound of sweet oil of almonds, and nearly a drachm, each, of oil of cloves, oil of bergamot, essence of almonds, and a trifle of balsam of Peru. When well mixed the whole should resemble transparent jelly and be put in little glass or china jars. When using it, take a bit the size of a hazel-nut, wet with a few drops of warm water, and rub the lather on hands, face, and neck. Let it remain a few minutes, and while the water is still mildly wipe the skin softly.

M. M. says: "My father is never given much to attentions to me, but makes me go out often with him evenings, to church. I do not care to go to his evening services for it is dull work for a girl, and I think he takes me along so that I shall not see company at home, or go out with some of my young friends. I do not think it is out of the way for me to refuse to go out to church when I really don't want to go, and is it not my right to have company, in the evenings, of my young friends? I am most twenty-one, and don't want to be treated any more as a mere child." You and your father owe duties one to the other, and each should be willing to perform them. You should take pleasure in accompanying him, occasionally, of an evening, and he should be perfectly willing on his part that you should enjoy the society of your friends part of the time. When he desires your company he should ask for it, since you are a young woman old enough to act at your own discretion. If you can go, or whether you decline, you should do so in a perfectly pleasant and unobtrusively manner. You are too old to be compelled to go; yet you should willingly please him when you can. Of course you have a right to entertain callers of an evening, as long as they are persons worthy your acquaintance. Young women are apt to be annoyed at the parents' interference with their social relations but it is a good plan to be reasonable, on both sides.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

CERES.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

From o'er the sea with smiles and blushes
She comes afar with joy and song,
Wandering by the reeds and rushes,
Where the river glides along.
The marble tombs amid the grasses
Bring back scenes of other times—
So this maiden, as she passes,
Softly touches memory's chimera.
Laden with bright sheaves of harvest,
She lingers in the fairer fields,
While from field to island farthest
On the winds her blessings roam.
In the even-time beside the river,
Mingled with the blue waves flow,
The gleaners' songs arise and quiver
As the reapers homeward go.
Woodland banners wave their greeting,
And the quail's song on the hill
Echoes to the waters meeting
By the old and ruined mill.
On the air the mournful drumming
Of the partridge in the wheat,
As if awakened to the morning
Bears the tidings low and sweet.
For her footsteps we have waited—
Waited long from day to day—
While our hearts with sighs were freighted,
Yet she lingers by the way.
Littering where the famed Savaunee
Glides amid the waving corn,
On the Guyan, where the Shawnee
Bowed to Manitou at morn.
Where the rivers flow forever,
Among the firs and firs bright,
Where the days are dreary never,
Nor so sad the reign of night.
But at last, with happy greeting,
She hath wandered to our land,
Though her stay is short and fleeting
As the waves' song on the strand.

Typical Women.

Mrs. JOHN JAY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE wives of eminent statesmen whose names are connected with the early history of the Republic, are entitled to remembrance, especially when they themselves influence society as its leaders.

Miss Sarah Livingston, in 1774, was married to John Jay, a young lawyer of a family that intermarried with the Bayards, Van Cortlandts, and other prominent families of the province. He was then about thirty years of age, and in the beginning of his public career, being called to take part in the first movement of that revolution which was to result in the birth of a new Republic. The private life of both the young pair was shaped and controlled by public events. While Mr. Jay was absorbed by his duties as member of the New York Provincial Congress, and of the Committee of Safety, his youthful wife passed the greater part of her time at the residence of her father, Governor Livingston, at Elizabethtown, with occasional visits to her husband's parents at their country place at Rye, in New York. The separation was painful to her, and in one of her letters to her husband, she says:

"Had you consulted me, as some men have their wives about public measures, I should not have been Roman master enough to have given you so entirely to the public."

Nevertheless, during the most gloomy and anxious periods of the war, Mrs. Jay bore her part with cheerfulness in the trials and privations many had to bear. She aided to brighten the gloom as much as possible. In February, 1779, she described a grand dinner and fireworks at General Knox's to Spangler, and in March announced "four approaching marriages in Cousin Livingston's family," showing that the war interrupted but slightly the old order of events. In the following October, Mrs. Jay accompanied her husband, he having been appointed minister to Spain, and she accompanied him on a tour of inspection of the vessel, and narrowly escaped capture from a fleet of English ships; reaching Madrid after many adventures. Mrs. Jay was greatly admired, being one of the most beautiful women of her time, with an extremely brilliant complexion. Some wagers were laid at home—her sister, Kitty Livingston wrote—that she would not paint, nor go to plays on Sundays. Mrs. Jay replied: "You are certainly entitled to the stake, for I have not used any false coloring, nor have I amused myself with plays nor any other diversions on Sunday."

Mrs. Morris, in a letter to Mrs. Jay, gives an anecdote of the dueling then in fashion: "Two Frenchmen were to stand at a certain distance, and, marching up, were to fire when they pleased. One fired and missed, the other reversing his fire, he had placed his pistol on his antagonist's forehead, who had just time to say: 'Ah, mon Dieu! pardonnez moi,' at the same time bowing, while the pistol went off, and did no other mischief than singeing a few of his hairs."

The chevalier de la Luzerne, who lost the bet about Mrs. Jay's painting, presented Kitty Livingston with a handsome dress cap.

Mrs. Janet Montgomery, in a letter to Mrs. Mary Warren, says of Mrs. Jay: "She is one of the most worthy women I know; has a great fund of knowledge, and makes use of most charming language; add to this, she is very handsome, which will secure her a welcome with the unthinking, while her understanding will gain her the hearts of the most worthy. Her manners will do honor to our countrywomen, and I really believe will please even at the court of Madrid."

Lady Strangford, nee Philippe, was a cousin of Mrs. Jay's, and was intimate with her. Although her father was a Tory, and his estate at Philipsburgh had been confiscated, the daughter remained devoted to America. "My own dear country," she wrote—"can never be forgotten by me."

Mr. Jay was associated with Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Laurens, in a commission to negotiate a peace; and his presence was desired in Paris. Mrs. Jay accompanied him, and they lived for some time at Passy, where Dr. Franklin, in a mansion now occupied as a prison for girls. In November, 1783, they removed to another at Chaillot. The French capital was then the center of interest to Europe and the world. The historic memories of the period connected with the negotiations were full of interest. Mrs. Jay's intimate association with the negotiators, who met frequently at her apartments, made her almost a participant. The illness of Dr. Franklin threw the chief responsibility upon Mr. Jay; and his sternness and resolution, backed by the approval of Adams and Franklin, gave sanction to the independent position he assumed for the United States. They obtained magnificent boundaries for the infant Republic, newly recognized as a sovereign nation. Mrs. Jay wrote to her husband, after the signing of the provisional articles: "I long to embrace you now as a deliverer of our country, as well as an affectionate and tender husband."

For two years Mrs. Jay lived in a society that presented a brilliant contrast to the trials and hardships to which she had been subjected by the war at home, as well as to her more retired life during her residence at Madrid. The pride and splendor of Paris were unconscious of the impending Revolution. Marie Antoinette, then in her 26th year, justified by her grace and beauty the magnificent apostrophe of Burke. Mrs. Jay thus described her in a letter to Mrs. Robert Morris: "She is so handsome, and her manners are so engaging, that, forgetful of Republican principles, I was ready, while in her presence, to declare her born to be a queen. There are, however, many traits in her character worthy of imitation, even by Republicans."

The fashions in dress of that time were extremely variable. The women wore the hair

fantastically raised in a pyramid; the high edifice crowned with flowers, like a garden. The costumes were usually plain; the "robes à l'Anglaise" being in favor, and "the Sultana," made of silk of a light texture. The robe, if trimmed with the same or with gauze, was "dressed"; if untrimmed, was undress, and worn with an apron. Fans of eight or ten sous were almost the only ones in use.

The Marquis and Marchioness de la Fayette were almost the first to congratulate Mrs. Jay upon her arrival in Paris. The two circles of society where she was entirely at home were found in the hotels of La Fayette and Franklin. If the circle she met at the Hotel de Necker was marked by its aristocracy, rank, that which surrounded the venerable philosopher at Passy was no less celebrated for happily blending the choicest and most opposite elements of the world of learning, wit and fashion. Franklin was continually surrounded by savants, statesmen and sprightly women, eager to pay homage to "the Sage," as Mirabeau afterward apostrophized him—"whom two worlds alike claimed, and for whom the history of science and the history of empires were disputing."

The philosopher who had snatched the lightning from heaven, and the scepter from tyrants, was assigned the first place by historians among the celebrities with whom Paris teemed. There was Mesmer, with his fascinating doctrine of the influence of planets, and the mysterious harmony of ideas and forms; Lavoisier, exciting wonder by his application of chemistry; Buffon, the naturalist; Bailly, the astronomer; Legendre, the mathematician; and Darcet, the chemist. There was Guittot, who recommended the death machine for the purpose of alleviating the horrors of capital punishment; Cagliostro, with his filters, talismans and amulets; Montgolfier, with his balloons; and Jean Gaspar Lavater, the youthful pastor of Zurich, deducing traits of character from the physiognomy. The painters of the period included Greuze, Vernet, Doyen, Menageot, David and Le Brun, the musicians, Mozart, Gretzky, Delavay and Gluck. There was a brilliant coterie of intimate friends, for whose amusement Dr. Franklin kept a printing press in his house, to circulate his "bagatelles."

One evening, when Mr. Jay was absent, Dr. Franklin produced several pieces of steel, playfully telling Mrs. Jay that they were the husband at Chaillot, attracted first by one then by another. But he could not make her jealous. Mr. Jay, like his magnets, was ever true to the pole.

The first ascent of Montgolfier's balloon, at Paris, created great sensation.

In July, 1784, Mrs. Jay, with her husband and family, returned to New York, after an absence of over four years and a half. Her long absence at European courts, and her recent association with the brilliant circles of the French capital, enabled her to fill with ease the place she was now to occupy, and to perform its graceful duties in a manner becoming the dignity of the republic to whose fortunes she had been so devoted. It was her task to preside with elegance over the entertainments given by her husband as Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and the names of her dinner and supper list for 1787 and 1788, with the memoranda afforded by private correspondence, help to furnish a picture interesting in a historic view, of the social circles of New York during its brief existence as the National Capital under the Articles of Confederation. This social position strikingly the characteristics derived from its blended ancestry and colonial history; but its tone was eminently patriotic, combining love of country with the culture and refinement which gave dignity to wealth, and respectability to fashion. In the bar and salons of New York lights shone that have never been eclipsed in after years. The medical profession, too, was ably represented.

To the older families of New York with whom the Jays were intimate, were now added, by the presence first of the Congress under the Confederation, and then under the Constitution, some of the most eminent of the statesmen and generals of "the old Thirteen," who had helped to vindicate the independence, and lay deep the foundation of the nation. It would require too much space to name the names of these gentlemen were in many cases accompanied by their families, representing in part the higher circles of New England, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the South. To these was added the small circle of diplomatists accredited to the United States, and European travelers, attracted by the rising greatness of the young republic. The grace, beauty and charming manners of many women then in society, were dwelt upon in letters of the day. Mrs. Jay and her cousins, the daughters of Lord Sterling, were prominent, and entertained extensively. Mrs. Jay gave a dinner almost every week, and one to the corps diplomatique every Tuesday. Mr. Jay was described as plain in his manners, but kind, affectionate and attentive, with benevolence stamped on every feature. Mrs. Jay dressed simply, but had very pleasing manners. Her dinners exhibited European taste. At a diplomatic dinner in May, 1788, she had twenty-three distinguished guests.

The new Government, under the National Constitution, was inaugurated in the spring of 1789, and Vice-President Adams arrived after a trip from Boston, to be followed by the daughter to the house of John Jay by the civil dignitaries and military officers. In March, General Washington arrived by the bay, attended by the heads of departments. New York was illuminated in the evening, and there was a display of fireworks. Mrs. Jay was an eminent leader in society, and her social administration of Martha Washington.

In the spring of 1784 she suffered a trial in the separation of her husband, who was sent as special Ambassador to England. In one of her letters, she signs herself "our wife," and death, and after that a ministering spirit. She suffered agonies of apprehension during a storm while her husband and son were at sea. The poplars were blown down. She wrote: "Frank has raised the poplars. When I droop, you shall raise me, if the wide ocean should swallow up my husband and child."

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Jay assumed the chief charge of their domestic affairs. Her letters were full, practical and exact, giving particulars of moneys paid in and reinvested in the National Bank and stocks, with quotations of the sale price, the sale of the progress of improvements on the estate, etc. What lady of our day, who has been admired as a belle and leader in fashionable society, would show so much practical knowledge of business, and such care and energetic application to the family affairs and interests. It is not the union of such capabilities with the highest feminine graces and accomplishments, enough to invest their possessor with the character of a remarkable woman?

The advocates of "Woman's Rights" may here see an example of a woman exercising manly functions with force and dignity, in attending to business, with all the charming sweetness and taste of a polished lady, and the devotion of an affectionate wife and mother.

She was accustomed to ride a great deal on horseback, and had young horses broken for her. In May, 1786, Mr. Jay returned from England, and was elected Governor of New York. In his first term, the seat of government was removed to Albany. Mrs. Jay's health had become delicate, but in 1797 she permanently assumed the charge of her husband's house, and presided over the reunions of the descendants of the Dutch Huguenots and English colonists. Their stately manors were then miles in extent, and invested with almost baronial privileges. Thus the social features had something of the dignity and grace usually associated with ancient aristocracy.

Mr. Jay retired from public life in 1801, declining a reappointment as Chief Justice. He retired to his farm at Bedford, where his daughter Anne presided, till the improvements of the old dwelling-house were completed, and her mother, whose health had failed, was able to join the family. She was happy in this domestic retirement, surrounded by her children,

but did not enjoy it long. She died on the 28th of May, 1802.

Mrs. Jay's character exhibits itself, like a delicate painting, in various lights, amid trying circumstances and marked reverses. To singular delicacy of feeling and sensibility of organization, she added a strength of mind based on Christian faith and principle. These enabled her to face dangers without fear, and to endure hardships and disappointments without a murmur. Her experience illustrates the early days of the Republic, disclosing the temper of the men and women whose virtue secured the independence of their country, and whose characters and accomplishments sustained its dignity at home and at the courts of Europe. To Sarah Livingston Jay belonged not only beauty, elegance and accomplishments, but qualities far more estimable and lasting. The charm of her manners and the vivacity of her conversation, with her high birth and position, won general admiration; but she displayed something better than these in her steadfast devotion to her country amid trial and hardship. In the most brilliant circles she preserved her gentleness and simplicity. In all the relations of daughter, sister, wife and mother, she fulfilled her duties with Christian fidelity and womanly affection.

THE MARGUERITE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The angry winds, the blossoms rudely rending,
Had dropped a snowy shower,
And underneath the cherry-branches bending,
She plucked a single flower.

A flower that bloomed alone, then softly sighing,
As if to read some secret underlying
The white flower's yellow heart.

"What said the flower?" spoke one to her close standing
Upon the leafy spot.
"It said," the rose replied at her demanding,
"He loves me, loves me not."

"A flower is but a flower—who knows its meaning?
Heed not the Marguerite—"
Then lower whispered, toward the maiden leaning—
"He loves, loves thee, oh sweet!"

Pretty and Proud:
THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAKERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRONG LADY.

THE six weeks of camp-life that followed the curious wedding dragged interminably on to Mercedes, and yet they went, after all, too frightfully fast, as she realized when they were gone, and her father bade Maraquita, one evening, pack the trunks and make all things ready for a trip to Frisco.

"You are ready to keep your word to Bill Alexander, I take it," Ben remarked, seeing the change on his daughter's countenance.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brant."

"Well, you needn't look so scared about it. Girls have got to marry some time, and on just as short an acquaintance. Bill will be a good husband, if you treat him right. He'll want you to make much of him, of course—pet him up like a sick canary, you know! and you can do anything with him, then. It's a bad time for me to leave here, with the machinery a-coming out a day, now; but the ore can wait and Bill can't. I'll stick to my part of the contract and deliver you into your husband's hands, safe and sound; then I'll leave you to enjoy your honeymoon and hurry back to the mines. I've made out a million as well as I could, which gives you half of my half of this Bonanza, the Josephine mine. It's my wedding-present to my only child; and I reckon that Queen Victoria didn't get anything like such a present as that when she got married! If it's worth a cent it's worth a million a year, little one! What do you say to that?"

"I say thank you, father! Can you give me a thousand dollars as soon as we reach the city? I want to provide myself with a few things which I greatly need."

"Certainly; as much as you want," was the answer given in high good humor.

The next morning a small party set out on the journey back to the nearest point at which they could touch the railroad. Several men went along as guides and servants—old Katinka remaining behind as Ben "allowed to be back in a fortnight," but her daughter accompanied her young mistress.

"Leaving the tavern is half the journey," the old brown witch remarked, consolingly, as the little cavalcade set out. "You will soon be in Frisco. God save you, my daughter! They do not like to have a girl get married, but I wish you a merry honeymoon, my lady! I shall throw my old shoe after you, miss, once you are started on the way. Attend to sending up the canned vegetables, Ben Brant; for water alone will not make the olla. Che sabe? May you have good luck!"

Maraquita turned in her saddle and blew her old mother a kiss. There was a strange, excited expression on her brown face; her splendid eyes flashed fire; the red showed through the olive tint of her oval cheeks. She looked out a handsome, spirited young man that Ben Brant suddenly began to whistle softly, thinking to himself:

"How would Mercy like her waiting-maid for a step-mother!—he, he, he!" But Ben's thoughts were too quickly again taken up with his mines to dwell on softer subjects.

After four or five days of rough traveling, supplemented by camping out at night, Brant and his party reached the railroad; and from thence were whirled swiftly on toward the Golden Gate.

Ben Brant requested her father not to telegraph their approach to Mr. Alexander, as she would like a few hours to herself after reaching the city before meeting him.

"Yes, yes, yes," smiled Ben; "I know. Time to pretty yourself up; that's right. I want you to make a grand splurge this evening. You'll be dressed in your best and come down to dinner on Alexander's arm. The whole hotel will be wild with excitement. Everybody will want to see the woman Bill Alexander has married! You're equal to the occasion, Mercy; if Bill's mighty rich, you're mighty handsome! You'll make a fine, you two."

The more her father exulted the paler Mercedes grew. She had been silent and thoughtful on the journey; yet had kept up remarkably well. Now, as the cars rolled into the suburbs, marble was not colder or whiter than her face. It was the first time she had seen the man who called her wife when that meeting, was still in the dim distance; approaching it, face to face, her courage oozed away until it seemed to her that she should die of shame and dread before the curtain went down on the little drama she had planned. Mercedes was a timid girl and the part she had to act was one that called for a brave spirit.

"Thunder and blazes! Where's all your color gone, Mercy? You look more as if you were going to be buried than meet your husband. Pick up a few roses, or Bill won't know his blooming bride when he sees her. You look as if you were scared out of your five senses."

"I am frightened. Keep your promise, father, not to let Mr. Alexander speak to me until an hour before dinner. I must get rested, and have time to dress."

"I shan't want him to see you till you look different from that."

"Very well. If he should happen to be about the hotel I will go straight to my room and you can ask him not to call until four o'clock. Maraquita, pin this veil over my face."

It chanced when the Palace Hotel coach came back from the depot with its passengers Mr. Alexander was nowhere in the vicinity. He had been expecting a telegram every day, for the six weeks were more than up; but he did not think of the party arriving without notifying him.

Ben Brant was smilingly recognized by the hotel officials. Possibly Alexander had confided to the manager that he was expecting his bride.

Ben pompously ushered his daughter into the reception-room until their keys were brought them; and there, glancing about the room through her thick veil, the startled eyes of Mercedes fixed themselves on a face and figure the very sight of which set her heart to throbbing suffocatingly and the red roses to blaze out on her cheeks.

Can it be? Yes. There is no mistake! Oh, how glad she was that her veil was down, so that he did not recognize her! How cruel to her, that he, of all men, should be here in this house, at this crisis of her life! There was the graceful figure, the well-set head, with its fair, short curls, the frank blue eyes, the tawny mustache and firm chin—who else could it be but Lord Henry Essex?

What had brought him to San Francisco? Mercedes trembled in every limb. Her father spoke to her to follow him, but, for a minute, she had not the power to take a step. The clear, deep-blue eyes of the English lord just glanced, with well-bred indifference, at the slim, elegant figure of the veiled young lady. There must have been something in it that stirred his memory since he, too, startled, and with a rising color, turned and looked again, and seemed about to approach and address her.

Then Mercedes tore her rooted feet from the floor and followed her father. Lord Henry stroiled out of the reception-room to ask the clerk the name of the new arrivals.

"Ben Brant, daughter and maid."

Benjamin Brant was the name written down in his note-book.

"Who is this Brant?"

"He, he, he, used to be a poor devil who haunted the mines digging for gold, or both. He got up in the world, lately—owns mines, got plenty of the dust; and, if rumor is correct, has entered into a speculation with one of our gold-bugs, that'll make him one of our big men. That's the style in California. Make a note of it, please, as I shall be coming to see you."

"Ben Brant, daughter and maid."

"Thank you, I wish you would," murmured Lord Henry, who walked away in a dazed manner, picked up a newspaper to conceal his face, and sunk down in one of the office-chairs.

So that rough, coarse-grained man was the father of that refined, beautiful girl, with whom he had fallen so foolishly in love! That was a proud thing to be the aristocrat. He felt that he had been nothing less than ridiculous in his folly. Ah! married, or to be married immediately to a fellow with three times the money all the estates of his lordship would bring. And he, fool that he was, had deserted the fair cousin, whose wistful blue eyes had betrayed her heart to him, to come five thousand miles for a glimpse of a rough miner and to hear a piece of news!

"I start homeward to-morrow," resolved Lord Henry, pulling the ends of his golden mustache indignantly; and then a great sigh struggled up through the mountain of pride that kept it down, and tears rushed into the blue eyes as if they had been a woman's.

Poor boy! they were not tears of mortification alone; the deepest disappointment of his young life had come upon him.

"I will see her once more. I will keep myself in the background and have one more look at her as she enters the dining-room. She must have recognized me, yet she never so much as bowed! And I came all the way from Paris to San Francisco to try and find her!"

Lord Henry flung down the newspaper and went to his rooms, there to walk about distractedly until the dinner hour arrived.

Meantime, the new arrivals had taken possession of the suite of apartments they had occupied before they went to the mines.

"Ethen, can you give me that thousand dollars, now?"

Brant counted out the gold very readily.

"And please, give me two hours."

"Oh, certainly. I'm going to take a bath and consult the barber, myself. I'll bring Alexander to see you when he comes."

He went out, and then mistress and maid looked at each other.

"You are as white as linen, Maraquita; your eyes are like stars."

"Ah, miss, you are as pale as these white roses. I wonder if you tremble as much as I do. I shall never be able to do your hair at this rate! I wish I were dead and in my coffin!"

"Hush, my poor child! Have courage! Summon all your resolution! When one is in the right, she ought not to fear."

"I will strike me dead at his feet. I know he will! Yet what do I care for that! It is easier to die than live. And I shall have had my revenge. It is only that I quail before his scorn. I do not like to feel his scorn. It is bitter, when one loves, to be made to feel a man's contempt."

"You look on the dark side, Maraquita. All may yet be well. I pray to God that it will be well. God is our friend, my child. It is not we who have done wrong. I was in the power of two unscrupulous men, alone, friendless, in a wild country. I did the best I could to protect myself. I think Heaven will have pity upon me and aid me in what I am trying to do. Where is my purse! I must put this money in it and keep it with me. Now! I will have my bath, and you shall put up my hair. We must hurry, to get all done. You can lay out our dresses at once. Why do you cry, Maraquita? You will spoil your bright eyes. I want you to look and behave your best. Courage! courage!"

While her young mistress was in the bathroom, the girl laid out two costumes, with the accessories. One was a handsome evening-dress of tea-rose silk, with white gloves, house-handkerchiefs and flowers. The other was a plain brown silk traveling-dress, with bonnet and mantle.

Mercedes and her maid had been waiting, in the little parlor, fifteen minutes, when Brant knocked at the door and entered with Alexander.

A girl's face never looked braver than did the face of the supposed bride, when the latter hastily advanced, all smiles, with outstretched arms, to embrace her, where she stood quietly by the center-table.

"So you have come, my angel! my sweet wife!"

Mercedes felt back a pace to escape his touch, saying, coldly:

"You mistake, Mr. Alexander. I am not your wife."

The two men stared at her with sudden astonishment. Mercedes was white as a sheet.

"Not my wife?" stammered Alexander.

"Oh, get out with your fooling, girl!" cried Brant, roughly. "What do you want to spoil the fun for, by meeting him like an icicle?"

"Because I am not his wife, father."

"Didn't I see you two married with my own eyes?"

"Never! I was never married to Mr. Alexander."

"Oh, yes, you were, my beauty. You can't get out of it now," said the bridegroom, flaming up to a white rage at this unexpected opposition.

"It's too late in the day to escape, my little snowdrop. You're mine; and I paid dear for you, too."

"Much more than I was worth, sir; and so I saved you from the folly. I never intended, for a single moment, to become your wife, and be sure I took care not to."

"You lie like an imp!" shouted Brant, stepping up and shaking his finger in his daughter's blanched but resolute face. "I reckon the priest can be found to prove it. Hold up your hand. Let us see your wedding-ring, you little minx, you!"

She held up her small white hand with a smile; there was no ring there.

"Listen," she said, in a low but ringing voice. "I admit there was a marriage. You, father, tried to sell me; and you, like an honorable gentleman, tried to buy me. I was friendless and in your hands. I made no outward resistance; but if Heaven had not given our sex some art to play our parts, we would be at your mercy indeed. There was a young woman, Mr. Alexander, who did love you, and whom you and prudence would have made to marry. That young woman wore my dress and took my place before the priest. In the moonlight the change was not noticed. You married, sir, the girl you should have married. There stands your wife! You will find your ring upon her finger."

The two men, directed by a queenly motion of the young lady's hand, turned and gazed upon Maraquita. In the excitement of the time they had not even noticed that she was in the room.

The poor girl stood there with downcast eyes, pale and shivering. Her shining black hair was piled up in fashionable coils and puffs and dressed with flowers; she wore the tea-rose silk, with its long train, and one of her little brown hands was gloved—the other was clasped over it, and on the fourth finger glittered the golden circlet with its diamond guard.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A THICK WORTH TWO."

"Look up, my child. Do not be afraid. You are his wife," said Mercedes, still in that clear, brave young voice.

She herself was dressed in the brown traveling-suit; her shoes and sash were on the table by which she stood.

The crimson rose in Maraquita's pale cheeks; she raised her soft dark eyes timidly to her husband's face; a curse sprung to his lips.

"It's a blank infernal fraud," he cried. "You are the woman I married, and as such you are a woman, I'll have you yet. You'll stand by me, Brant! You'll swear this as the girl I married! Ah-h! it is your own fault if you are not really my wife. I shall swear to it that you are—shall treat you as if you were! The law and evidence will be on my side. If you are in a pretty scrape, my dear, not to be had!—if any little game has been played, Brant, you'll swear to my side!"

"I rather guess I will! I will swear fast and strong to what I saw with my own eyes!"

"Ha! ha! ha! How absurd you are going to prove, my beauty, which of you I married! I shall be at liberty to take my choice! You may raise a big row, if that is your bent, but it will end as I want it to. You thought to get the better of me—and you burned your own fingers. I shall claim you as my wife; and if you really are not, I'll be all the wiser for your going to prove, your father know, I married you fair and full. If you leave me, I shall get out the papers that will bring you back to me. Better keep the facts to ourselves and save a public row."

"As for you, you impudent little mule!" turning savagely to Maraquita, "go to your room, take off that finery, give my wife her rings, and get! Never let me see you again. I've had too much of you!"

Even a worm will turn when trodden on; and Maraquita was no worm, but a passionate creature whose blood was warmed by the fire of Southern sunlight. Her eyes sparkled; her bosom heaved.

"You cannot help my being your wife, Bill; and I'm glad of it."

"Shut your mouth, or I'll strangle you."

"I'd rather be strangled by you than not. I'm not afraid of you."

Mercedes spoke again:

"This girl is too good, too young, too pretty for you, Mr. Alexander; yet she is now your wife, willing to try and please you. Do you discard her?"

"Utterly! I know who is my wife. This is a ridiculous fuss about nothing. Are you going down to dinner in that plain dark dress, Mrs. Alexander? All the hotel knows you are a bride."

I am not going down to dinner at all. My ticket to New York is bought and in my pocket. I leave this house in half an hour. Father, I am sorry. I would have been a good daughter to you; but you used your claims on my duty for your own selfish benefit. I am afraid to remain with you. Your ways and ideas are all different from mine. I shall go back to New York; and if aunt Esther will not take me in, I can do something to take care of myself."

"Your aunt Esther will not dare take you in," asserted Brant, in an excited manner. "Did you dare keep your when I was in the mine?"

Will she take you back. Your aunt is a nice woman, very aristocratic, very high in her notions; but she's got her black secret like the rest of us! She's afraid of me. I know her history. Come, behave yourself, you little fool! Go and get on a white dress, and go down to dinner with your husband. We're the best friends you've got in the world, and the only ones."

Mercedes grew very sick at heart as she stood there confronting these brutal men. Driven into the room which she had practiced, out at the mines, to save herself further trouble, she had come on to San Francisco, when the time of grace expired, to announce the deception practiced and to avow her intention to return to the East.

At the mines she had been alone; in the city she felt that she could, if the worst came to the worst, throw herself on the protection of the officers of the law, and therefore she had planned that the denouement of her little plot should be announced after she had reached a place where she could appeal to the police. It was not pleasant to face these men with her story; but, desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and there had been no other course open to her. Then, too, she thought herself only doing justice to the deserted girl whom the rich stock-dealer had cast aside, and Maraquita had entered eagerly into the plan.

Now that the moment of atonement came the effort it

"That's right," added Ben, coaxingly. "Don't be a fool any longer. Go and put on something handsome and come down with us. We'll make it all right before bedtime. If you are not Bill's wife, we'll call in a clergyman quietly, who'll soon make you so, tight as a halter. We'll stand considerable nonsense from a young and pretty woman; but you've gone the length of your tether now, and it's time we pulled you up, short. I'll give you fifteen minutes to fix up, like a gold-bug's lady ought to. Go along and help Mrs. Alexander change her dress, Keady."

Mercedes turned and walked away into her bedroom. She did not dare lift her bonnet or traveling-bag from the table. She sat down on the side of the bed, trying to think to some purpose; but her brain whirled. It would be some hours before the train for the East started out of the depot; there would be time for Mr. Alexander to carry out his threat of having her arrested.

She might escape into the street, perhaps; what would she do then? She did not know a person in the city to whom she could appeal.

"At least I can kill myself," she muttered, in her awful despair.

"No, no, my dear lady," murmured Maraquita. "I can take you to a house, where you will be safe for the present, if only you can get out of the hotel. See! there is no door into the corridor from this bedroom—only into the parlor. You cannot escape now. You must go to dinner; and then we'll see what we can do."

Again Mercedes tried to steady her whirling brain.

"I will go down then with my father, and in this dress. Oh, Maraquita, fix upon something while I am at table. After the trick we played them at the mines they will not trust us a minute. I shall have to appeal to the people of the hotel. Anyhow, I have my little revolver here, where I can reach it," and despite her trembling nerves the expression of her pallid face was one of terrible resolve.

"Time's up!" called Brant, at the door.

His daughter went out.

"Father, I will go down with you. Let Mr. Alexander keep his distance for the present."

"I will 'tame the shrew' before long," muttered the gold-bug; and look out for tricks, Ben Brant! Keep a sharp eye on her. I suppose we may as well have our dinner."

The three descended to the dining-room, Alexander white with chagrin.

As soon as they were gone Maraquita changed her attire to her usual black dress and white apron, slipped out into the corridor and was about to explore the premises for some back entrance out of which she might snuggle her young lady when the opportunity occurred. Hardly had she taken a step outside the door of the small parlor before a very handsome young gentleman, with a somewhat pale and agitated face, darted out of the room adjoining, and stood her way.

"Pardon me—the young lady—I am a friend of hers—knew her in New York, you know," he stammered, in haste.

"Holy saints! did you, really?" murmured the girl.

She regarded the stranger with admiration, notwithstanding her excitement and anxiety. He was so young and so pale with emotion—a real gentleman, as she could tell at a glance.

"I was a great friend of hers—and of her aunt. You have heard her speak of the present, Miss Silverman! Yes, of course. Excuse me, but the transverse was open; I could not avoid hearing the conversation in that room. In short, the young lady is in trouble; they are scoundrels, these men! I am anxious to help—to befriend—Oh, what can I do to her?"

"You desire to aid us, senior?"

"Undoubtedly. You cannot imagine the friendship I have for Miss Mercedes. If she would trust me—would allow me—"

"I will tell her. I think she would be glad of a true friend, senior; she certainly will kill herself, if things go on this way."

"Cannot we think of some way? Suppose I have a carriage with a pair of fast horses, and a coachman bribed to do his best; and you get your young lady to come down to the side door? I only ask five minutes the start of these rascals and we will fool them yet! I will be careful of her as a brother could be."

"But where could you go?"

"Ah, there it is! I am a stranger."

"Who is it whom I shall tell Miss Mercedes wants to aid her?"

"Lord Henry Essex."

"Oh! Come, now, let us think of something."

"If Miss Mercedes will openly defy her father, and—and that other villain, I will openly defend her. Yet, to avoid scandal, it would, perhaps, be better to get away as quietly as possible."

Lord Henry shuddered at his inmost soul at the thought of the young lady being involved in any public difficulty. It was dreadful, to begin with, that she should be an American, with out title; but love had conquered that prejudice and urged him on this long journey, only to shock him more and more deeply with the sight of her coarse father, and the fear of her relation with that other sutor.

As Lord Henry stood there, talking with the maid, he had forsworn every idea of ever asking Mercedes to be his wife; but he was too chivalric to abandon a helpless girl to her enemies; he would assist her flight, if possible.

"There is a house across the ferry, over in Oakland, where she would be safe for the present, if we could get her there; it is with Diego's mother; she is a good woman," said Maraquita, musingly.

"I tell you what it is, my lord. I will send Alexander after a clergyman, when they come up from dinner, as was spoken of. I will explain to my young lady that you will be ready with a carriage, at the side entrance. We will come down, jump in, the driver will whip up his horses. Ben Brant will follow us downstairs, but he will be surprised; there will be no carriage ready for him; we will have a little start, and will go off in the opposite direction; but turn and go to the ferry. Once across the bay, all will go right. We will dismiss the driver at the ferry, and get another carriage on the other side, so he cannot betray our whereabouts. You see?"

"Yes. The plan may work. I will run down, now, and take a cup of coffee to brace up my nerves. We may be going to meet with adventures. Shall I send something up to you?"

"It may be as well."

"I will be in readiness in half an hour. The carriage door will be open; I will stand beside it; you run down, I assist you in, jump in after you; we are saved."

It is agreed.

Lord Henry went down to the dining-room. He was still quite pale and excited. This was the first real adventure of his life, except when he slipped down a precipice in climbing the Alps, and if he had an exaggerated idea of the danger, it must be remembered that he had heard singular accounts of the sword-seeing, blood-thirsty Californians. Didn't men dine, even at the Palace Hotel, with their bowie-knives and revolvers on their persons? Were not all these quiet, affable men walking armories? Was he not almost afraid to speak, for fear some careless word would prove to be a match setting fire to a train that led to some powder magazine? Why, of course, he was in San Francisco, where the sole amusement of the population was shooting their friends on sight! We must give him credit for a large amount of courage and devotion in resolving to hazard his life in the cause of the lady he admired.

He took nothing but a cup of *café noir*. As he sipped that, he saw the other party leave the room, and overheard the comments made by those around him on Ben Brant's daughter.

"Bill Alexander in luck!" "They say he's going to marry her. Madly in love!" "Don't wonder!" "Lovely creature," "style," "wonderfully handsome," "wish I had a chance," "big bonanza!" "Ben Brant will be one of our millionaires!" "They do say they are married!" "Oh, no!" "I heard it, sure!"

Lord Henry's ears tingled. He swallowed his coffee and went out. The next hour was the longest of his life. He spent it standing on the sidewalk, his hand on the open carriage-door, his eyes glued to the entrance into the hotel. He had given the driver a double-eagle, with a hint, which led the latter to believe that an elopement was on the tapis, and this fired his romantic mind with a determination to do his best for the young couple.

That's a mighty good-looking chap," thought the sentimental John, "so I bet my bottom dollar I won't give him away, seeing as how he trusts the little affair to me. If my off-hoss don't balk, we'll be all right, we will; 'tother's good for anything that a streak of lightning's good for. Wonder who the lady is? Whew-well! If that's Ben Brant's beauty there, she comes! I've seen her, an' I know! There's fun on hand, now, or I'm mistaken! By the holy poker, there's Ben himself a-tearin' down the stairs! Hurry up, there! That's it! Whoop! glory! here we go!"

These excited exclamations on the part of the driver were made to himself; he laid the whip on his team, which dashed away, angry and frightened at the force of the blows.

The loungers about the hotel were aroused to momentary attention by the sound of three or four pistol-shots following each other in rapid succession. When they reached the spot they found Ben Brant, a smoking revolver in his hand, stamping his foot and calling loudly for a carriage.

Meantime, the young lord had found himself involved in a *bona-fide* adventure. One of the flying shots had pierced the back of the carriage and entered his head.

The first thing Mercedes knew, in the terrible excitement of the flight, his head drooped over on her shoulder and she felt his warm blood running down her neck and bosom. She screamed, and begged him to speak; but he was unconscious.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 481.)

ONLY A NEWSPAPER MAN.

BY T. C. HARBBAUGH.

We are nobody, then; it is curious! Only the slave of the pen; The place which we designate "sanctum" Is the air of a beast's stall.

Our work any one could accomplish! Just try it, dear sir, if you can; You'll find that in one thing you're lacking— 'Tis the snap of a newspaper man!

I've stood in the parvans' parlors Where wealth to the eye is unrolled— Where mankind is put on the balance, And weighed by the standard of gold: And creatures of beastly fashion, Whose life is a frivolous span.

Drew aside, as if there were contagion In the touch of a newspaper man!

And I thought: Are my hands red with murder? Do I merit the signet of Cain? Nay, surely I must be a leper— All marked with the hideous stain!

But, no, there are more potent reasons For putting me in my cage; The sneer and the look say I'm only— Only a newspaper man!

Is it wrong to use paper and scissors? Is it crime to get bread by the pen? Would intellect shine like a diamond If newspapers never had been?

The man who absconds with a million Is soon welcomed back from Japan; While he whose page sparkles with beauty Is only a newspaper man.

I'm proud of my rank and my station, As a monarch is proud of his throne; I've kindred in every nation, And brethren in every zone.

The high, the rich, and the haughty— Deny it to-day if you can— Notice At the feet of a newspaper man.

I wonder, sometimes, in my sanctum, When alone with the work of the day, If we have a right to that haven, Beautiful, bright, far away.

Will the angels who stand at the portals, To welcome whoever they can, Turn aside when they see us, and whisper, "He's only a newspaper man!"

THE REJECTED HEART:

OR, THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Two or three days later, Walter was riding along the dusty road that led to town.

The sun was sinking behind the hills; he had been riding all the afternoon, and was beginning to be conscious of being both tired and hungry.

His thirsty horse pricked up his ears at the tinkle of the wayside brook, where he had so often quenched his thirst, and encouraged by the suddenly slackened rein, took his way thither.

A lad—for he could scarcely be more—was rearing himself upon one of the smooth, flat stones; his dust-laden garments showing that he had traveled some distance.

Walter scarcely heeded him; his mind being occupied by his cousin's quarrel with him, which had been noised about town with various additions and exaggerations; the most unpleasant part of which was, to him, the mention of Irene's name, as the cause of the trouble.

"If you please, sir, is this Concord?"

There was something so peculiar in the voice that Walter turned his eyes curiously upon the speaker, who, now that he had risen, looked taller and older.

He seemed annoyed, almost displeased, at the intimation of that gaze, which he showed by the sudden knitting of the brows, and the lowering to the ground of the dark, glittering eyes.

"I beg pardon," said Walter, on perceiving this; "what was it that you said?"

"I asked you if I was in Concord?"

"You are within the limits of Concord. The town itself is straight on, about a mile and a half beyond."

"Do you know if a lady lives there by the name of Carlton?"

"A lady lives there by that name, yes."

"Can you direct me to her house?"

"Very easily. You will find it straight on. It is a large brick house, standing back from the road; the first one of any note that you come to."

Walter glanced at the stranger's slender form and pale, weary face.

You can go along with me; I am going right past the house."

The stranger retreated a step.

"I prefer to walk, thank you," he said, in a cold, reserved tone that forbade anything further.

Walter rode along.

On reaching the top of a hill, he looked back. The young fellow had resumed his seat beside the brook, whose waters were bubbling up over the stones, that formed a partial inclosure around it.

Who could he be? He was a stranger, evidently, not only unacquainted with the country round about him, but the person he was seeking.

Most likely it was some one seeking help, for Irene's wealth and liberality were well known; she was especially noted for assisting students, in straitened circumstances, in their efforts to obtain an education.

With this thought, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

The young traveler watched Walter until he disappeared over the brow of the hill. Then, loosening a small knapsack from his shoulder, he took from it some bread and cheese, and a tin cup; eating and drinking with an avidity

which indicated that it was the breaking of a long fast.

He seemed especially thirsty; dipping the cup into the brook, he drained it twice with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Then, removing his cap and loosening his collar, he bathed his head and face in the cool water; the application of which made the short, jetty rings of hair curl still more closely around the head.

He then took a position further back from the brook, and sat down.

The moon arose, and the solemn stars looked down; but still he sat there, his head leaning against the tree, so motionless that he would have seemed to be sleeping were it not for the wide-open glittering eyes, which looked straight forward, as though they saw something else besides the tranquil scene before them.

At last he arose, and strapping the knapsack to his back, went on in the direction Walter had indicated. He walked very rapidly, and without pausing, until he came to a house, the lights of which could be seen back of the trees that surrounded it.

The grounds were inclosed by a high wall, the gate of which stood wide open, disclosing a broad, winding path, lined with trees.

The young man stood irresolute; it looked as though it might be the place, but he was not sure.

A tow-headed, bare-footed boy was perched upon a post opposite, whistling Yankee Doodle.

"Can you tell me where Miss Irene Carlton lives?"

"I reckon I kin," responded the lad; "she lives in that house over yander."

"I live there too," he added, with a consequential air; "ma'm is Miss Carlton's cook."

"Is she at home?"

"I guess she is. That's her room, on the east piazza, where that light is. There ain't never no light there when she ain't tew hum."

"Air you looking fur work?" added the boy, glancing at the knapsack, which, small as it was, looked too heavy for the slender shoulders. "Because if you be."

"I'm not looking fur work," interrupted the stranger; "I have as much on my hands, now, as I can well attend to."

"Short as pie-crust!" muttered the urchin, as he looked after the stranger, who, walking swiftly past the gate, disappeared in a curve of the road beyond.

In the course of half an hour, he returned; passing through the gate, up the avenue to the house.

After looking carefully about, he took his way to the room on the east piazza, spoken of by the boy.

It was a warm night, and the light streamed brightly through the lace folds of the curtain that draped the open window, and which descended to the floor.

Within was Marie, Miss Carlton's maid, a pretty, vain, shallow-hearted girl, who was amusing herself during her mistress's absence by trying on the contents of her wardrobe.

She had arrayed herself in a rich purple silk, trimmed with costly lace, and was standing before the mirror, admiring its effect, when she heard a step back of her.

She suppressed a shriek as she saw the youthfulness of the intruder.

"Goodness me! boy, what do you want?"

"Pardon this seeming intrusion, lady," said the stranger, in a low, sweet voice, in strong contrast to that sharp, wiry tone; "my business is urgent."

Margie looked at the intruder from top to toe. Making no doubt but what he was one of the many recipients of Miss Carlton's bounty, she said, with a toss of the head:

"Intrusion, indeed! I should think it was an intrusion! If you want food or lodging, why don't you go round to the kitchen door?"

The stranger lifted his head proudly, while a dark flush crossed his cheek.

"I am no beggar, Miss Carlton. If I were I would starve before I would touch a morsel beneath this roof!"

The girl smiled.

That she should be taken for her mistress's grateful vanity that was the ruling passion of her nature; she perceived that her visitor had never seen Miss Carlton, and she determined to keep up the illusion.

"What do you want then? Make known your errand, and then go," she said, in a tone that was intended to be very stately, but which was, really, nothing but a compound of pertness and insolence.

The stranger took a rapid, comprehensive survey of the speaker, his eyes dwelling the longest on her face; with the curiosity and interest which that young man, who was so full of what nature it was not easy to tell.

While he did not, in the least, doubt her identity, it was evident that she was not at all such a person as he had expected to see.

"I have come to give you a message, a warning, and a hint. If you will heed. Are you engaged to John Remington?"

"Supposing I am? How dare you have the impudence to come here and ask such a question as that?" cried Margie, who began to enter into the spirit of her role, and, indeed, to quite overmaster her part.

"I mean no impertinence, lady. I have come to prevent the commission of a great wrong. I am Joseph Harmon, the brother of the woman he should marry, if he marries any one—if there is any honor and justice in the world, he should marry her."

"If you will read these letters you will see that I speak truly."

Half-frightened at the turn affairs were taking, Margie took the letters that were held out to her.

She could not read writing very well, but by making out a word here and there, she saw that they contained declarations of the most ardent love and devotion.

"Mr. Remington was only amusing himself," she said, thrusting them back into his hand; "as gentlemen will, when girls are so silly as to believe 'em. Your sister ought to know that they never mean no good to girls in her condition."

The young man shut his teeth tightly; the heaving breast and the swollen veins across the forehead alone gave token of the fierce battle that was going on within.

"And this is your answer to the broken-hearted, desperate, maddened woman that this man has so terribly wronged?"

"You may tell your sister, from me, that I serve her right for being so silly, and that I hope 'twill be a lesson to her!" said Margie, sharply, who was beginning to tire of the part she was acting, and to fear that she would not find it an easy thing to rid herself of her strange visitor.

"Now that you have got your answer, go away!"

"In spite of all I have told you, you will marry him?"

"Of course I shall! Who and what's to hinder me?"

It was now nearly time for her mistress to return, and the girl was fearful that her little masquerade would be discovered, and which she knew would most likely result in ousting her from her present snug and comfortable berth.

"Why don't you go away, as I told you? If you don't go instantly I'll send for a constable, and have you arrested!"

The stranger approached the open window through which he had entered, and then, turning round, confronted the speaker.

John Remington seeks you for the wealth you will bring your husband; it can be for nothing but a lesson to her!" said Margie, made of cooler stuff, I would let the slow years bring him the punishment he merits. As it is, I wish you joy of your husband!"

There was something in these words, and the dark look that accompanied them, that sent a shiver through the girl's veins, and it was with a feeling of relief that she listened to his retreating footsteps.

"I think the fellow must be crazy," she muttered, as she hurriedly divested herself of her borrowed plumes.

Goodness me! how his eyes had glittered, and how wildly he talked. There wasn't the least bit of sense in what he said, but

somehow it made one feel sort of all-overish. I'm glad he's gone. I hope to goodness that he won't come back again. Miss Irene would be mad enough if she knew what I had done. Nobody saw him but me, and I won't let on to her that he's been here."

So when Irene returned, half an hour later, she found Margie, clad in her own proper habiliments, sitting demurely by the window.

"Did you get tired waiting for me?" she said, with a smile.

"Of course, mem."

Margie stood back of her young lady's chair, uncoiling the heavy braid of hair, when Irene suddenly said:

"Margie, do you know of any one calling to see me, this evening; a young man, or lad, rather—a stranger?"

"No, mem. Was you expecting any one?"

"Dr. Remington told me that he met a lad on the road about sundown, who looked as if he had traveled a long distance, and who inquired of him the way to the house."

"I hadn't seen nobody, mem. P'raps the housekeeper would know."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE SUMMONS, AND STRANGER INTERVIEW.

THE next evening, as Walter entered his office, after a hard day's ride among the rocks and hills, where most of his patients lived, he found a note on his desk.

It was a hasty scrawl, so blotted as to be almost illegible, but after considerable study, he made it out to run thus:

"Dr. REMINGTON:—Come to the house known as 'the old Stone place.' Don't fail, or delay; it is a matter of life and death."

There was neither date nor signature.

On inquiry he found that it had been left by a boy about two hours before.

Walter was very tired, and then it was the evening that Irene held her weekly receptions, and he was counting on being there; so the impulse was strong upon him to defer answering the summons until morning.

But on recurring to the note again he decided to go.

"It is evidently some one in pressing need of my professional services," he thought, as he thrust the note into his vest-pocket; "and if it is a matter of life and death, to-morrow may be too late. I shall have time to run into Irene's for a few minutes after I get back."

What was called the "old Stone place" was a dilapidated story and a half house, situated on a lonely road, nearly a mile from any other dwelling.

It was very old, one of the very oldest in that part of the country, and had not been inhabited for many a day.

"One must be wretchedly poor to seek shelter in such a place as this," thought Walter, as he tied his horse to the broken fence.

He then entered the house, and, looking through the windows, in which scarcely a whole pane remained.

A curious feeling came over Walter as he walked up to the door, which was partly ajar, and hanging only by one hinge.

"If I was a rich man I should be afraid that the door might not hold out for me," he said to himself, with a half-smile. "Blessed be nothing!"

Pushing open the door, he found himself in a low room, whose bare desolation was clearly revealed by the bright moonlight that fell through the curtained windows.

Seeing a glimmer of light beneath a door opposite he opened it.

As he did so he was confronted by a figure which emerged from an obscure corner, while a voice said, in a tone of deep, concentrated feeling:

"So we meet at last!"

Then, as the speaker's eyes fell upon Walter, he started back, adding:

"Who are you? and what do you want?"

The stranger was Walter Remington. He was surprised at that sharp, wiry tone; "my business is urgent."

On looking more closely he saw that it was the stranger he met on the road, whose countenance and singular appearance were indelibly stamped on his memory.

He soon as he could collect his thoughts, he said:

"I am Dr. Remington. I was led to suppose that there was some one here in need of my professional services."

"WILD BILL."

(WILLIAM HICKOX.)

BY FRANK DAVES.

A brave, a noble, daring man was he:
His soul soared far above the common herd;
A truer friend was not from sea to sea;
All men believed his word.

He had a noble scorn of wrong and lies:
He was as gentle as a girl's smile;
And yet there was a devil in his eyes,
And death was in his smile.

Quick to revenge an insult, o'er to death,
Quick he with gun, revolver, or the knife;
He'er was ready, in a single breath,
To give or take a life.

As gentle as a lamb, proud as a king;
Brave man and strong bowed at his beck and nod;
A noble man, he scorned a little thing,
Disdainful as a god.

From East to West there was not one so fair;
A perfect picture was his faultless face;
You looked into his wondrous eyes, and there
Could naught but beauty trace.

Through all his days in all the land he went,
And walked as man with man with sudden death;
And feared not; not his regal head he bent
To aught while he drew breath.

In Deadwood City, in a bar-room vile,
All booted, belted, ready for the strife,
This man met death; he met it with a smile,
And yielded up his life.

He's gone! the wild man of the plains is gone!
Dead by the pistol of the murderer;
But one shed tears; she was a faithful one,
And my heart ached for her."

*His Indian wife.

Lost Lulu:

OR,

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

A Romance of Love and Life in a Frontier Fort.

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,
(BUFFALO BILL).

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY LULU.

THE day following the funeral of Mrs. Radcliffe a train arrived at the fort, and accompanying it were two gentlemen who desired to see Colonel Decatur on important business.

They were ushered into the room where sat the commandant and Baron Saville, and introduced themselves as Messrs. Leonard King and Roy Martin, London lawyers.

"Be seated, gentlemen, and tell me how I can serve you," said the colonel, politely; "but allow me to introduce Baron Saville."

The two lawyers shook hands with the young noble, and then Mr. King said:

"Colonel Decatur, we have come all the way from England to seek here a person whom we have tracked up to this point.

"To explain, sir, we, as I said, are lawyers, and for years we have been trying to find the heir to a certain title and estates in England."

"This is a strange place to look for an heir to an English title in. Excepting the army, you will find few men of culture out here."

"Yes, colonel, and yet here is Baron Saville, a gentleman who has doubtless come here only for pleasure."

"Yes, the baron has passed several years upon our frontier, from here to Texas, and a like desire for adventurous pleasure might have brought hither him whom you seek. But can I ask the name of the man you are in search of?"

"Certainly. We traced him across the Atlantic—found that he had married, and then left his wife, and never had been heard of afterward, excepting that he had gone West."

"Then we ascertained that a celebrated guide and scout on the border answered to his description, and bore one of his names; but his frontier name was Death-Trailer."

"Good God!"

Both Colonel Decatur and Baron Saville sprang to their feet.

"Do you mean it, sir—was the man you seek named Death-Trailer?"

"Yes, sir, and also called Radcliffe the scout," said Mr. King, surprised at the manner of Colonel Decatur.

"And Radcliffe the scout was an English noble?"

"We have every reason to believe that he is the one we seek. You know of him, then?"

"I know of him, gentlemen; but it pains me to the heart to tell you that he is dead."

Both Englishmen were now upon their feet.

"Dead! dead did you say, Colonel Decatur?"

"Yes, he is dead!"

"Alas! too late! too late!"

"Yes, gentlemen, you are too late. Poor Radcliffe went off on a scout, some time since, and the baron here was with the party, having gone with a squadron to recapture a girl carried off by an Indian chief."

"A mishap befell the baron, and the squadron returning without him, brought back Radcliffe, the scout, as a prisoner."

"It seems the men had overheard a quarrel between the baron and the scout—heard the scout make a threat, and firing shortly afterward, the dead steel of Baron Saville, and the tracks of Radcliffe's horse near by, believed that he had shot down my friend here."

"Circumstantial evidence was strongly against him, and he was tried by court-martial, condemned and shot."

The story of the colonel made a deep impression upon the Englishmen. After years of search they had come too late.

Then Colonel Decatur went on to relate to them the romantic history of Death-Trailer, and told them that his daughter was then under his roof.

"Then she is the heiress, for there can be no doubt but that the scout was none other than Paul Radcliffe, who, by the death of his father, some years ago, became Lord Glyndon."

"You see, colonel, the old lord selected a wife for his son—Lady Leonore Dorcas, the daughter of an earl."

"Well, the father and daughter went down to Castle Glyndon to make a visit, and the two parents flattered themselves that all would come well; but the young lady was already in love with some young officer of the guards, told her secret to Paul, and he, like a noble fellow, refused to marry her, and his father, not knowing the reason, for the son would not betray Lady Leonore, drove him from the castle."

"But Lady Leonore, finding the result of the affair to be so disastrous, made a clean breast of it, and Lord Glyndon did all in his power to find his son, but all to no purpose, and on his death-bed, a few years ago, he wrote a letter begging Paul's forgiveness."

"Now, colonel, you have the whole story, excepting that Earl Dorcas was so touched by the grief of his friend at what he had done, that he straightway gave his consent to his daughter to marry the young ensign."

"There is indeed romance in real life beyond all stories of fiction; but I will ask Lulu, and let you have a talk with her. She is a beautiful girl, and now that we know the relationship between the two, all see a striking resemblance to her father," and leaving the room, Colonel Decatur shortly after returned with Lulu and Helen.

Then again the sad story was gone over, and Lulu told all she had heard from the lips of her mother, and exhibited a miniature likeness of her father, which her mother had always worn next her heart.

Comparing it with a likeness which he had, Mr. King said, sadly:

"Yes, the scout was none other than Lord Glyndon. We have come, alas, too late to serve him; but you, Lady Lulu, are the heir to a large fortune; but the title and Glyndon Castle will have to go, of course, to your nearest male relative."

"Well, gentlemen, you must not take Lulu from us for some time yet. This country is new to you; remain my guests, and we will do all we can to entertain you," said Colonel Decatur, and the invitation was gladly accepted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

ON the opposite bank of the river from Fort Helen sat two men, concealed in a thicket of dense underbrush.

One look into their faces and it was evident that they were of the ruffian class of border-men.

Their costume, half-frontier, half-civilized, was worn and dirty, their beard and hair unkempt, and their faces not at all prepossessing; they were faces that a child would turn from with dread.

They had come to their position in the thicket at early dawn, and through the whole day had not moved, for one watched while the other slept.

But, as the day drew near its close, they seemed restless, and one of them said hoarsely:

"I kinder hope they won't come, Jack. I don't like this killin' business anyhow, whar it's a petticoat you've got to draw bead on."

"We've got the chink now, Sam, an' it don't do ter crawfish," replied the other.

"I ain't goin' ter nuther; only I don't like it nower; but whos'er ter do the shootin', you or me, Jack?"

"It don't make a durned bit o' difference to me, Sam. I have got the ducks, an' the thing must be did; but is you sartin you has the hosses all fixt?"

"Yes, thar's our hosses jist over the hill yonder, an' every ten miles, fur forty miles, is two more. You bet I won't goin' to be coched in no scrape; but, yonder comes the gals, as I'm a sinner."

And the speaker pointed to a grove of timber outside of the stockade, in which were visible three female forms, coming down toward the river-bank, where were several rustic seats.

"Waal, what's to be did now? Which is ther gal ter be shootet?" asked Sam.

"Le me see—she was to wear a blue dress, he told me; ther one ter be shot was ter be in black, an' t'other one gin'rally drest in white. Now, thar's the one in white; I know that color, prime; but t'other's is so much alike, durned if I know which is black or blue."

"Couldn't yer guess at it, Jack?"

"Yes; I think ther big one is ther one to be shootet; sartin ther woman couldn't be afeerd o' ther little one."

The three girls had, in the meantime, seated themselves upon the rustic benches, one a little way apart from the others.

"I kinder hope, an' ther one by herself is ther gal, me; she said one gal would manage to git t'other one away so thar'd be no danger of t'other two—I'll pick her."

"Guess 'twon't make much difference of you ar' wrong; they's all gals, an' gals is always git-ting somebody into difficulties; so blaze away, Jack."

"Durned if I don't. Now be ready fur a hot run to whar our hosses is."

As the villain spoke he raised the rifle and took deliberate aim at the young girl seated alone and dressed in a dark-blue material.

Then came the flash and report, followed by a scream, and the maiden slung down dead; the bullet had pierced her heart; it had been a center shot.

Like deer the two ruffians sped away through the thicket, gained their horses, and rode like the wind across the prairie.

The shot was heard by the sentinel at the fort, the puff of smoke floating over the river told from whence it had come, and the alarm was at once given.

Down to the river-bank rushed Baron Saville, Colonel Decatur and Captain Graham in dire alarm, for they had heard the scream.

They came upon a strange sight—Lady Vincent lying dead, and Lulu bending over her, while Helen lay in a swoon upon the greenward.

In a word Lulu told all: Ida had invited Helen and herself for a walk down to the river, and they were hardly seated before the death-shot came.

"Captain Graham, at once take saddle, sir, and pursue the murderer," cried Colonel Decatur; but the baron had already started, and when Bart Graham and his companion rode out of the stockade he beheld the nobleman on the other shore, spurring rapidly in pursuit of two horsemen far away on the prairie.

Urging on his men Graham followed in pursuit, while a strange gleam was in his eyes, and he muttered:

"What a terrible retribution! killed by the very man her gold had paid to kill her rival! But, curse that baron, he rides like the wind! He must not overtake those fellows, for they might tell an ugly story under the shadow of the gallows. Oh, men, on! Those devils must not escape," he cried, and drove the spurs deeper into the flanks of his steed, while he again muttered:

"If luck holds good that baron's days are numbered."

At length the troopers saw the two fugitives ride into a motte, and shortly after reappear, but upon different horses.

"They have relays! This is a planned affair," said Lieutenant Bolton, who was second in command.

"And see that baron! he still gains upon them, in spite of their fresh horses!" cried the sergeant.

And it was true, for, avoiding the timber, the baron kept to the open prairie, and magnificent glances back over the prairie, for the moon was now up, and by its light they could see their solitary pursuer, the baron, coming slowly along on his trail.

"Quick, Sam, let's change ther saddles an' bridle an' git out o' this."

"Thet feller ar' in deadly 'arnest, he ar'!"

"He's thet same, Jack; he's thet baron chap we heard on over at 'Catatur city; but here's ther horses, laried jist whar I leff 'em."

Both men threw themselves to the ground at the same time; but suddenly there arose a tall form before them, each hand extended, and two revolvers presented at their heads.

Both men were terribly frightened; but, ere they could draw a weapon there came in stern tones:

"Stop that now! Hands off those pistols, or you ar' dead men."

The two men stood like statues; they knew it was death to move; but one of them said, whiningly:

"Hold up a leetle, pard; whar has you ag'in' us?"

"That you shall soon know. Both of you lie down—flat on your faces; do you hear?"

They did hear and they obeyed, and then their captor stepped forward and quickly removed their belt of weapons, after which he drew from his pocket a raw-hide thong and securely bound their hands behind their backs.

As he finished there came the sound of hoofs and both men looked uneasy; they knew who it was that was coming.

And their captor seemed to know, too, for he said, sternly:

"You men have been in some devilment at the fort. I saw you, with my glass, flying for your lives, and I saw your pursuers—one far in advance of the others."

"These horses I came upon accidentally this afternoon, and concluded to await the arrival of their owners; I am glad that I did."

Soon there came in sight a man on foot, a horse following him.

The man was stooping over and examining the ground carefully as he came along.

"Ho, parner; I have those whom you seek, safe and sound."

The man instantly stood on his guard, his rifle in hand, and protected by his horse, while he answered:

"Who hails—friend or foe?"

"Friend. I saw your chase after two men and saved you the trouble of catching them; here they are," and the speaker advanced into the moonlight, in full view of the baron, who saw before him a man of large frame, attired in frontier garb, heavy slouch hat and high cavalry boots.

His face was hidden beneath a long blonde beard and his hair, of like hue, hung far down his back.

In his hands he held a rifle, and in his belt were a brace of revolvers and a long knife.

"I am known as Baron Saville, a guest of Colonel Decatur of Fort Helen; can I ask you the name of the man who has so suddenly appeared before me?"

"Call me hunter, guide, scout, trapper, or anything—I am all of these; but I have here two prisoners for you: can I ask what devilment they have been in?"

"They have committed a diabolical crime. They fired across the river upon some ladies and killed Miss Ida Vincent, an adopted daughter of Colonel Decatur; but I have reason to believe that they shot the wrong one—they intended their bullet for another heart."

The hunter turned toward the men he had caught, and who now felt their hour of death had come.

After gazing intently into their faces for awhile, he turned to the baron, and said:

"Can I see you, sir, apart from these men?"

"Certainly, and the two walked some distance apart, and for a long time were engaged in earnest conversation, the two miscreants shaking in their boots all the time.

"We've done it now, Jack."

"Yes, Sam, the jig's up—we're hung roosters sartin."

"You bet—our checks is goin' to be called fur suddint now, or I'm a liar."

"I wish we hadn't done it."

"So do I. Couldn't we say as we shot at a duck on ther river?"

"'Twouldn't go down. Oh, Lordy, heur they come."

As the ruffian spoke the baron and the hunter returned, and the latter said:

"Men, I am going to ask you a few questions—and I expect you to tell me the truth."

If you do, and also obey me in what I tell you, I will spare your lives; if you lie to me, and refuse to obey me, I will myself take you to one of the frontier tribes south of here, and turn you over to them—to burn at the stake."

Both men trembled violently, and blurted out:

"We'll do all yer wishes as to do, sir."

"Which of you do you answer me—who did you intend to kill among those three ladies?"

"Don't know her name, sir; she was ter wear a dark dress; but two of 'em comed in dark dresses an' we took chances on hittin' ther right one," answered the man addressed as Sam.

"And which of you fired that shot?"

"The captain at ther fort, sir."

"Captain Bart Graham?"

"Yes, sir."

"He paid you for it?"

"Yes, sir; we got five hundred each, an' was to get more; as much more when we reached Ft.isco, whar it was to be sent by letter."

"Did Captain Graham give you a reason for wanting this girl out of the way?"

"Yes; he said as kow thar was one wanted to splice a feller, an' this gal was in ther way."

"I had you, com'punctuations about taking life?"

"I was pard."

"Had you no thought that you were doing wrong to kill an innocent girl?"

"Waal, I did feel shaky 'bout it; but then, I'd never seen the gal, an' thar was a good deal o' money w'as made by the job; but it was a dirty business, an' I guess we'll see thar gal's ghost till we pass in our checks."

"You certainly deserve punishment; but I will keep my word, if you will do as I wish."

"I'll do it, sir."

"I didn't, sir," spoke up one quickly; the other was silent, and the hunter resumed, speaking to the murderer:

"You will remain here under the charge of this gentleman, while your partner goes with me."

"Whar, sir?"

"Do you see those lights yonder in that timber?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is where Captain Graham and his troopers are encamped. I wish you to go thar and tell him that he must leave camp with you under some pretense; tell him any lie you please; only make him come, and alone."

"If he refuses, tell him that you and your comrade will give yourselves up, and inform on him."

"I'll make him come, sir; I'll tell him my pard an' me wishes ter have a talk with him afore we light out fur Ft.isco; he'll not want ter talk ter us in camp, you bet."

"Good! Now come with me and do as I say; but no dodging, or, by the God above, I'll track you to the ends of the earth."

"Durned if I don't believe yer would—you look it; but I'll serve you right, an' trust yer ter keep yer word."

"I'll keep my word, and you shall both be free within an hour if you do as I tell you; come."

The hunter gave a low whistle, and a large sorrel mare trotted from the thicket and stood beside him.

"Now mount one of those horses you have laried there."

The man obeyed and followed the hunter down the hillside, out upon the prairie.

"Yonder is the cavalry camp; go and do as I wish you to. Make Captain Graham return with you to the spot we just left."

"I'll do it, sir, you bet," and the ruffian rode away in the direction of the timber motte, leaving the hunter close watching his movements.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 426.)

THE Washington Capital rises to remark that the man who will invent a collar-button that will stay on, and a boot-heel that will kill two cats at one throw, may apply at once with working models at that office. Capital idea.

A book agent who has retired from active labor, upon the hard-earned accumulation of industrious cheek, says that the secret of his success was, when he went to a house where the female head of the house presented herself, he always opened by saying, "I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see."

That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers.

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

VI.

So Kate Johnston is making John Harris prisoner, is she? I'd like to make an impression on Mr. Harper if she should fail to get John, I presume. She ought to go through with the whole programme and take my class in Sunday-school, too—I guess the poor little imps haven't had a regular teacher since I left them.

We shall see how the cap and angle till doomsday, to catch John Harris, but I don't believe she'll succeed.

He is neat and nice in his person, if he is ugly, and always looks as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, and I know he would never fancy such careless, slovenly girls as she is; yet it frequently happens that the tidiest, nicest people are mated with slovenly, filthy ones. I think it must be a great trial to a man who likes to keep himself trim and clean, is generous with water to bathe in, not too lazy to use a clothes-brush vigorously every day, keeps his boots shiny and never offends decency by flourishing a dirty pocket-handkerchief—to have to live with a woman who comes to the breakfast-table with a big, figured, gaudy wrapper covered with splashes of molasses and grease-spots—no collar on or a soiled ruffe around her neck—her front hair squeezed up tight in hair-pins to make it "wavy" when she goes down-street, and with such a frowsy look all over that it takes away your appetite to sit near her.

However, we always hear more of this side of the question than we do of the reverse side, for some reason or other; hardly anybody seems to acknowledge there can be such a thing as a dirty, slovenly husband; but, there are just as many nice, clean women who suffer daily torments from having to live with the great unshaven, unshorn, dirty-collared, tobacco-smelling men who call themselves the head of the house!

And then, to think of the poor things having to wait on such husbands—spending their lives in sweeping out the mud these lummoxes drag in on their big boots—picking up the dirty socks and shirts the men kick off and leave on the floor—and all these little, tiresome, slavish things that aunt Jane says every husband expects his wife to do. Oh, dear! Sometimes I just make up my mind I'll never get married, and I get real blue and low-spirited over it, and then Snodgrass, or John Harris, or Dick Scott, come up here to see me and put me in good humor, and then I think men are not such detestable creatures, after all! In fact, I think the world would be awfully dull without them, and I do hope and pray that Congress, or the president, or whoever controls such matters, won't go raising a rumpus with Spain, so they'll have to go to war and be all killed off, and nobody be left to dance with or skate with us, or take us to parties and picnics, or anything!

There! speaking of skating reminds me that I must wear a new rubber on my skating-cap before I can wear it to the rink again. It is such a pretty, jaunty little affair, and vastly becoming to me. Dick Scott says he always feels jealous when I wear it—it makes me look so bewitching that he's afraid all the other fellows will lose their hearts too. What a flatterer he is!

Oh, how I had to laugh the other day when he was bucking on Mary Foster's skates for her. Her feet look like regular mud-hooks in those big, heavy shoes she wears; she says she isn't going to pinch up her feet, and limp and hobble around like a deformed lame person for the sake of having a little foot like the rest of us girls. How I do hate to see a girl wanting to "show off" and be considered strong-minded! I'd strap on my own skates if I nearly burst a blood-vessel in doing so, before I'd let a gentleman see I had such an enormous and ugly-shaped foot as she has. She's a splendid skater, though, which aunt Jane declares is owing to her not having her feet cramped up in tight shoes that prevent her from exercising the muscles of her foot; but all that's just one of aunt Jane's notions. How should she know anything about it when she never had on a pair of skates in her life, and can't walk over a frozen mud-puddle without thinking she is going to fall! She's a little more rasy than usual for the last few days, because I've got a new beau. The poor woman couldn't be perplexed her brother speculating over my matrimonial intentions, for I haven't the least idea of taking him. He's a clever fellow, to be sure—is a splendid escort—always dresses well, sings and plays the piano, and has such a cunning little mustache! but, I've understood he has no business capacity whatever, and that account always has to take some low-priced situation and don't lay up a cent. I don't see how he can save anything, though, even if he got a big salary, for he goes in for having a good time in driving, boating and smoking the most expensive cigars, and, of course, he can never hope to get anything ahead.

That kind of a fellow does well enough for a beau, and I'm sure we couldn't get along without him in society, but I believe I don't want to marry a man who will neglect his business interests to run off to parties and bets to dance all night or play the gallant to all the pretty girls, and sing love ballads with the guitar; so aunt Jane need not alarm herself at the prospect of having Dick Scott for a nephew. I enjoy having him come here the best kind—and he has such a nice way of saying little tender things, and paying delicate compliments, that I can't help liking him; but still, when I'm looking for a husband (and that won't be for some time yet) I want to find one who displays a little more enthusiasm in earning his bread and butter, and less in opera music and the latest style of neckties, or the correct color in kid gloves.

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Brother's fainting at the door.
Bobbins around.
Come sit by my side, little darling.
Call me your darling again.
"Come back to Erin."
Dot German band.
Dat gay old nigger ball.
Don't give up the ship.
Good-by, lovely Lou.
Happy Hezekiah.
He isn't a marrying man.
I'll speak to you gladly again.
I'm going home to Dixie.
Isn't he a darling?
Jordan is a hard road to travel.
Killarney.
Kitty Clyde.
Little more cider.
Lo-de-da-de Micks.
Minnie dear.
Muldoon, the solid man.
My own, my guiding star.
My gal, Hanna.
Minnie Bookey.
My little wife ashore.
Nobody's darling but mine.
Old Black Joe.
Our girls.
Only speak kindly to me.
On the beach at Long Branch.
Our captain's last words.

CONTENTS OF No. 9.

Brother, tell me of the battle.
By de light of de moon.
Balm of Gilead.
Casey's whisky.
Come home, father.
I'm a drinker.
Dear old words.
Dermot Astor.
Dele corn mill.
"De bad Bob Lee."
"Davy Jones."
Elly Darling.
Elooses.
Ever of thee.
Evening Star.
Fat Micky.
Fritz wile gets alle-well!
Good-night.
Hark! I hear an angel sing.
Hold the Fort.
I'll meet you on Broadway.
I'm a thee so.
I wouldn't if I could.
Kiss me again.
Katie Darling.
Kafozium.
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.
Kitty McGee.
Keep a little corner in your heart for me.
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LEGAL ILLEGALITY.

BY JOSE E. BADGER, JR.

Dear maid, in coming into court,
My anxious case submitting,
Allow me here to make my brief
In language just and fitting.

You hold a mortgage on my heart,
Which is recorded duly,
And you can take the property
Which surely is yours truly.

I would retain you, dear, for life,
Assisting me in counsel;
In courts of love not courts of law,
And love in law's the ground-sill.

Writ of attachment have I got;
To have you is my purpose;
If necessary I'll resort
To writ of habeas corpus.

I hope the bar will be no bar
Unto my love's endeavor;
To you my life I do devise—
You and your heirs forever.

I wish to enter into bonds
Of faith between us;
No change of venue do I wish—
You are my only Venus.

If you were lawfully signed and sealed,
My happiness would be surer,
And in my heart I firmly hope
That you'll make no demurrer.

Executor of your estate
I'd be with naught to hinder—
Administer upon your bonds
And into bonds I'll enter.

My case I often have postponed
And I demand a trial;
I wait your sentence patiently
And don't wish your denial.

I'd have you on my arm to lean—
You through all trials leading,
Till we come before a higher court—
Oh, listen to my pleading!

Sworn and subscribed to is my love;
Your heart I long to have it—
(Possession's fully half in law)
I'd then have naught to cave-at.

Give me your verdict, for delay
Consumes me like a cancer;
Be judge and jury, gentle maid;
So, darling, file your answer.

Said she, "Oh, Laws, I must refuse
A hearing to your pleadings;
I must decide against you and
Grant stay in these proceedings.

"Your spoken vows are just as bad
As if they were indicted;
No maid with lawyer At-tor-ney
Could think her cause was righted.

"I'll not employ you in my case
For trust my heart it hath not,
I file a bill of exception, sir,
And further deponent saith not."

So quashed, he destroyed his form,
And doing so arraigned her,
For he attained her by writ—
Not even the writ of attainer.

Tenting in the North Woods;

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

V.

A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.—DAVE THOMPSON ESCAPES.

NIGHT in the woods has a rare beauty for the man who loves nature, and there was no man upon earth, rough and rude though he might be, who loved the grand old woods better than sturdy Abe Stanchfield; and no wonder, for it was his home, and under its sheltering arches he had heard his cradle song. For his father was a hunter, and all his life had been spent amid the scenes which he had learned to love so well.

After the rest were in their blankets Abe took his rifle and struck out upon the trail, enticed by the beauty of the scene, and the wish to strike a deer. For since the storm, the woods seemed more fresh and fragrant than ever, and as Abe swung on under the bending boughs, his feet falling lightly upon the greensward, he drew in deep, refreshing draughts of the spicy air.

"Oh, darn a man that lives in a city out of town!" he muttered, as he staid staid night in a city but once, and then I slept on the ruff. Ha! what's that?"

He stopped suddenly and threw his rifle forward, for he heard a sound before him as of steps treading cautiously over the leaves. It did not seem to be the step of an animal, but of a man.

Abe sunk out of sight in the bushes and waited. It was not long before he saw a dark figure passing swiftly in the gloom of the forest path with the cautious step of a practiced trapper. Just in front of him, and as the figure stalked across it, Abe saw him plainly, and instantly a savage cry broke from his lips, and he bounded savagely forward.

"Ha, Dave Thompson!" he yelled. "I want you, come and see me!"

But, as he reached the opening, the spectral figure was gone.

"Coward!" he screamed. "Come out and face me if you are a man. You murdering thief, you dare not face me, and you know it. The only answer was a wild laugh, followed by a rifle-shot which cut the hair upon his left temple, and Abe Stanchfield dropped with a hollow groan. Immediately after a man came crashing through the bushes and sprang upon him, knife in hand, but to his surprise he was met by Abe, who had no wound, and who buckled in with a cry of joy, and caught him by the wrist.

"I reckon you've got to settle with me, Mr. Dave Thompson," said Abe, coolly. "I've been on your trail now going onto five years, and it seems to me it's about time we had a new deal." The stranger, whoever he was, seemed to realize that he was in a trap, and with a low curse he threw himself upon the gallant old guide, who, with a grim smile, calmly grappled him. Each knew his man, and that the struggle in which they were engaged could only end in the capture of the stranger or the death of Abe Stanchfield. From the last word spoken by the brave old woodsman no sound was heard save the hurried breathing of the two men, as, locked in a desperate grapple, they stood straining for the throat of the wary Abe. But the old hunter, always on the alert, followed these efforts, and the man, giving up the attempt to use the knife, dropped that weapon and trusted to main strength.

"Tough, you are," was the muttered cry of Abe Stanchfield, as, arching his broad back, he drove his chin into the shoulder of his enemy to steady himself, one hand thrown about the neck of his antagonist and the other grasping him by the wrist. "But I'll put you down; I'll see you swing for the murder of Jim Fletcher, if it takes a leg."

A bitter laugh was the only reply, as the man resisted the efforts of the gallant old man to overthrow him. But he felt, at the same time, that the iron muscles of the guide were rapidly wearing his own out, and he could not much longer endure the strain without yielding. In this extremity he uttered a peculiar cry which rung with startling distinctness through the arches of the woods.

"You coward!" hissed Abe. "That call is for help; I know your tricks."

And suddenly releasing one hand, he dealt his adversary such a crashing blow just below the ear that no man on earth, no matter who, could have stood up against it. His head swam, and before he could recover, a second blow laid him on the earth.

Abe, without a moment's hesitation, sprang upon him and tied his hands and feet with his own belt and the one which the prostrate man wore. Then he improvised a gag and thrust it between his lips, making it fast behind his ears. This done, he caught the fellow in his arms, flung him across his shoulders, and ran down a side-path into the thick woods for nearly half a mile, when he paused and allowed his burden to fall to the earth. Then he bent his head to listen, and heard signals from the other side of the main trail, the signals growing louder and more impatient at each moment.

"Then skunk wry you old feller," he said, with a chuckle. "Now don't you seem to be a durned pretty sort of a thief, say? What would you give if you could answer them, now?"

A low groan was the only answer, accompanied by a furious struggle.

"Oh, yes, I know how it is. You don't feel well, do ye? Sort o' uneasy like, with that bit in your mouth. I'd save you jest right if I hung you up thar to that limb, the sort of marcy you give Jim Fletcher. But, come; we must be on the git."

He stooped and removed the bonds from the feet of his prisoner, leaving his hands bound. Then, fastening his right hand in the loose buckskin upon the shoulder of the man, he spoke in a low, hurried voice:

"Now, I'm going to take you to the camp. I don't want you to care up an be fractious, for the first rare you make I put my knife in you; you know me!"

Urging the prisoner forward, he took his way by secluded paths toward the camp. The signals continued behind them, and once or twice the fellow half-passed, as if he doubted, but a sharp prick from the point of the bowie and a low "git on!" from Stanchfield, warned him that there was no time to dally.

Half an hour later the white tent showed through the trees, and the sound of their feet roused up Arthur, who came out hastily, to demand:

"Who goes there?"

"All right, my son," responded Abe. "Here I come with a devil's baby, if ever there was one."

Arthur approached and looked at the prisoner by the light of the moon. He saw a man past the middle age, of angular build, with fierce black eyes, long, coarse hair, and hard, cruel features. Not the sort of person, by any means, that you or I would care to meet upon a lonesome road on a dark night.

"I don't know who your friend is, Abe—" "Friend? Don't call him my friend, Arthur, unless you want to have a fight with me. You've heard me tell of Jim Fletcher, ain't you?"

The guide who was shot in a scuffle on the Racquette? Oh, yes."

"Waal, this yer is the skunk that shot him, an' his name is Dave Thompson, the meanest hound in the whole Shadogee kentry."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Well, I don't know, but I'd hang him out byar in the woods, and then I thought meb- be the sheriff down to Plattsburg would do the trick better, an' more people would come out to see the hangin'. Here comes Little Hand."

The Indian came out of the tent and approached them. The moment he saw the mouth of Dave Thompson he uttered a savage cry, and drew his knife, but Abe, with a quick jerk, drew the prisoner behind him.

"He kill Jim Fletcher!" hissed the Indian. "Me kill him!"

"Nary old chap. He's mean enough, an' he deserves to die, that I allow, but I'd rather see him hung, don't ye see? Jim got in a row with some of these devils for robbin' his traps, an' this skunk shot him in the back an' run. I ain't the only man in the Shadogee that swore his death, you see, an' the boys wouldn't take it kind not to be at the hangin'."

"Little Hand will wait," said the Indian; "but he must die."

"In course, if I thought he was a-going to git away I'd put a hole in him, right here, right here. Git a rope, Little Hand."

The Indian brought out a stout line and the fellow was tied to a tree; and Little Hand brought out a rifle and sat down to watch, while Abe went into the tent and lay down. The gag had been removed, and the mouth of the captive, with a warning from the Indian that he was not to make use of this liberty to call for help.

"See yer, Injun," he demanded; "what hev you got ag'inst me?"

"You kill Jim Fletcher," was the reply.

"Spose I did? Kin a man stand everything? That Jim Fletcher stood by an' see me laced with hick'ries till the blood run down my back. If I hadn't killed him, he'd hev killed me."

"Liar! You shoot him from behind!" was the answer. "Now you keep still, or me kill, quick!"

The ruffian became silent for he knew that the grim old heathen was lawless enough to keep his word to the letter. For an hour he stood there in his bonds, looking at the Indian, and not saying a word. At last the Oneida rose and went to the door of the tent for some water, after first examining the bonds of the prisoner to see that he was secure. He was stooping and in the act of taking up water in the gourd, when a slight sound from the tree called his attention, and he uttered a war-cry which made the forest ring. All sprung out of the tent in confusion, while the crack of the Oneida's rifle was heard. But, to the rage of Abe Stanchfield, they only found at the tree the severed bonds of Dave Thompson, who had plunged into the woods and disappeared.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Bertie's Tutor.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

ONE of those beautiful October afternoons, when we love to wander along country paths and listen to the story of the falling leaves. Call to mind your ideal of a grand old country house, surrounded with well-kept walks and elegant terraces, color the picture with the varied hues of fall, and you have the scene which opens our story. A scene that could not but make a young man regret the poverty which compelled him to labor, yet the knowledge that such a spot was to be the scene of that labor might well reconcile him to his lot. Thoughts something like these passed through the mind of a young Harvard student as he turned in at the carriage gate and walked slowly toward the house, gayly swinging his cane and whistling.

Suddenly the sound of his own name caught his ear; and unable to resist the temptation, he moved a few steps from the drive, and softly putting aside the leaves of a rustic arbor, he stood an unobtrusive witness of the following scene:

Two young ladies, beautiful and stylish, were seated negligently within, while a copy of "A Simpleton" and a blue-and-gold volume on the grass showed that some interesting topic of conversation had interrupted their literary labors.

"Yes, he is a Senior, and is coming down here to 'cran' Bertie—I believe that is what they call it—so that he can enter the Freshman class before Christmas." These were the first connected words that reached the listener's ear, and they were spoken by a large, showy-looking blonde, whom he at once concluded to be Miss Cressey, his pupil's famous sister. For he had heard much of her as belle of the last Boston season.

"And is Mr. Greene as conceited as colleagues generally are?" inquired the second lady, a very pretty but by no means as handsome a girl as Miss Cressey.

"Oh, of course. You remember the song they sung last Class Day?"

"In Senior year we act our parts At making love and breaking hearts."

I have met hundreds of students and never saw one yet but thought that all womankind was crazy after him."

"And what kind of a looking gentleman is he?"

"Indeed, I have never seen him. But we all know the *tout ensemble* of the genus valetudinarian. Tall, slim, sallow, spectacles of green glass, seedy broadcloth coat and shabby shoes."

"There is little danger of his breaking your heart, cousin Ida," said the plainer girl; and the subject of their remarks, his vanity greatly ably a little wounded by so flattering a description of himself, muttered, *sotto voce*: "No, I should think not. She isn't troubled with such an article."

"Little danger of that, Jessie," responded Miss Cressey, with a toss of her head. "But I am sure, shall enjoy having him here. There has been no excitement since the March-monts went away. For my part I've resolved that our valetudinarian shall fall in love with me. Oh, such fun!" and Miss Cressey clapped her beautiful hands in great glee.

But Ida, objected her cousin, "you ought not to trifle with the gentleman. He is probably one of those poor students that have their own way to make and haven't seen much of the world. Pray be careful, or you may do seriously harm."

"Ah, Jessie, you are forever preaching; but really, I only want a little amusement. But we had best go in and dress now. The tutor will be here on the five o'clock train and we must meet him at dinner, of course," and Miss Cressey arose and yawningly picked up her novel.

Such was the conversation that ran in the ears of Mr. Howard Greene, newly engaged tutor of Bertie Cressey, as he cautiously stole back to the path and went on toward the house. Let not the reader condemn him too severely for thus playing the cat-dropper—accident had enabled some member of the Old Parliament to overhear Guy Fawkes discussing his plan of blowing the whole of that body sky-high, could he have been blamed for listening with all his ears?

Here was a young lady plotting against the peace of mind of one hero. Miss Guy Fawkes knew that her intended was laying a mine which should render his susceptible heart to atoms, and I am frank to say that in my opinion he had a right to know something about it.

Did Mr. Cressey was a thorough gentleman even when awakened from his afternoon nap. Consequently, when he was aroused by the stranger's step on the piazza, he rolled out of his hammock and advanced to meet him with a smile and a hearty gripe that put him at once at his ease.

"Greene, of course," cried the old squire. "You are none the less welcome for coming one train sooner than we expected. You would have found the carriage waiting to-night. Pray feel perfectly at home, sir. Bertie has vacated the ranch—gone off fishing or shooting, or something of the sort. You may not see him to-day. I would ask you to sit down here awhile and teach me instead; but I know you must be hot and tired."

Thus the kind old gentleman ran on, brimful of good-cheer. But Howard, who caught a glimpse of white dresses and a gleam of blue ribbon, had evidently preferred the squire's offer to conduct him to his room. He had resolved to make a good impression upon the young ladies, and did not care to be seen in his present travel-stained condition.

He have not described my hero; but of course he was the exact opposite of what Ida Cressey had described. The perfect health which a summer's training for the Races had given him, together with a naturally fine physique, made him a very handsome fellow indeed. Add to this the dress and dres of a gentleman and the culture and conversation of a scholar, and nothing was lacking except wealth to make Howard Greene a very eligible parti. Though he had during the past two years rather shunned society for many reasons, so that Miss Cressey had not met him, yet his position by birth was such as to make him welcome in the best B—street circles; and his intercourse with the world was by no means so limited as to make him an easy prey to the designs of any girl of the period.

Consequently, when an hour after, the new tutor sauntered into the dining-room, half a minute late, he went through the fiery ordeal of introduction with admirable composure. He took his seat, and nonchalantly unfolding his napkin, allowed his eye to rove around the circle of faces, and caught a moment on that of Miss Cressey. That young lady was mortified enough to be startled by his self-possessed yet respectful glance into awkwardly breaking an egg, and making a sorry spectacle of her white hands. Squire Cressey, who had been talking of the weather, at once engaged his tutor in a discussion of the respective merits of that and that species of turnips. But Mr. Greene, who was determined to implicate the ladies in the conversation, gradually brought it around to the subject of horticulture, and in a few minutes was in direct communication with Miss Cressey.

He was so evidently a gentleman, and so entirely ignored the fact of his position as tutor himself, that she had forgotten it long ago, and answered readily. This led to a dialogue between him and the two young ladies, the subject of landscape-gardening, in which the gentleman showed a great deal of wit, and a very limited knowledge of botany.

When the two girls separated for the night, a resolution of astonishment was unanimously passed, viz: that Mr. Greene capable of the weakness of falling in love? She spoke laughingly; she could not keep the flush of satisfaction from her cheek.

"And I thought that I would ask you," without heeding her interruption he went on, and then he said, "What shall I say next? I'm in for it now!"

She looked at him with a smile by no means discouraging.

"Thought you would ask me what?" she persisted.

"Thought I would ask you if—that is, I would like to know what you thought of my marrying—your cousin Jessie?"

Miss Cressey pulled up her horse with a jerk. Luckily he saw the storm in her eyes before it burst, and he was ready with the penknife again. He picked Hamlet once more, in this time quite emphatically, and the high-spirited steed sprang away and Miss Cressey was unable to stop him again until she reached their destination.

Not one word did she vouchsafe Bertie's tutor during the ride home, but that gentleman consoled himself with love-draughts from the eyes of Jessie Wild. The next day he asked and obtained Jessie Cressey's consent to an engagement. As for Miss Cressey, she had already been consulted.

The arithmetic of the present day is somewhat changed from old times. It used to take eight scruples to make a drachm and sixteen drachms made an ounce. Now people take drams without any scruples, and sixteen of them make one—well, "jolly."

In the unpleasantness between Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago has the advantage of this item: When a St. Louis girl is very much in earnest about anything she says she will "bet her boots" on it. The auditors walk round her feet, and when they have returned and rested, say that, if she had not wagered her all on the result, she had betted a great share of herself.

Scene in a horse-car. Seats all occupied. Enter a person dressed as a lady. Bright little boy rises and offers his seat. Lady drops into it with an air of slight disdain. Boy—"Oh, I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Lady—"No, I didn't say anything." Boy—"Oh, excuse me, I thought you said 'Thank you.'"

Lady, in high indignation—"You may have your seat." Boy (resuming it)—"Well, I'll thank you." Passengers convulsed. Lady disappears at next street-crossing.

There is a heavy, sandy road, the cumbrous coach rocking upon its leather hinges like a boat crossing a heavy, regular swell. The next a plunging descent that bids fair to become a total wreck—screams of women, oaths of men, plunging and terrified snorting of horses, while above all ring out the shrill curses of Jimmy McCane and the vicious cracking of his whip. Then the forward end of the coach sinks still lower, until its precious inside freight form one struggling mass; until Jimmy is pitched bodily upon the haunches of his wheelers, from whence he rolls to the ground, and, heedless of the wickedly-flashing hoofs, unhooks the trace-chains, and thus turns into a farce what bade fair to become a tragedy.

Ten minutes later, the "insides" voted the accident a capital joke, as they laughed and jested and watched the work of repairs going on. It was worth all that—a broken spring and sundry less serious fractures—and more, to be placed upon such a friendly and familiar footing. So said Major Kiley, with a polite bow toward a young, fair and graceful woman who was laughingly straightening out her crushed hat.

"It was dull," and her silvery laugh sounded strangely out of place in that dismal gulch. "Four hours of such solemn silence that I scarcely dared breathe—"

"Twas vusser fer us, miss," interrupted a brawny, blue-eyed miner, with a quiet canasta. "I jest sot an' looked ontel it 'peared like the old ark was turned into a church full o' angels—"

The lady blushed vividly, and as her lustrous eyes met his, fairly, big Ben Thompson broke down and reat a harsh, great, with a curious fluttering down in his bosom.

An hour later the journey was resumed, but the interior of the coach was no more an atmosphere of silent restraint, and that sweet, musical voice was often heard in a laugh that, somehow, seemed to sober Jimmy, and when ever an oath slipped from him, by force of custom, it left a bad taste in his mouth.

From general topics, the "insides" gradually grew more confidential, until Major Kiley revealed his entire history from boyhood up, and was upon the verge of a serious declaration, then and there, when the lady dashed his budding hopes by asking him if he was acquainted with her husband, Frank Brown, of Deadwood.

"He said he would come for me, in a few weeks, as soon as his business would admit," she added, seemingly not noticing the look of dismay of the gallant major; "but I could not wait. It will be such fun to surprise him!"

The lustrous eyes looked out through the gathering twilight, and the little hands were clasped lovingly together as though in anticipation of that longed-for reunion.

The major manfully choked down his disappointment, and was ready when she once more turned toward him.

"Yes, I—we have had dealings together," he said, and in his mind was vividly pictured a card-strewn table, with cinders and broken pipes, and a dead horse in the corner.

"It will be a surprise—a very joyous one, no doubt."

"It has been nearly a year, now," and the sweet voice grew still softer, and there was yet light enough for the keen-eyed veteran to detect a tear upon those long eyelashes.

He muttered something, he never knew what, and called to the driver to halt, that he must ride outside or suffer the penalty of a racking headache on the morrow.

It's Frank Brown's wife, and he don't know she's coming," he said, and then he whistled low and softly at the news.

They both knew what a sad change had come over the young man since his arrival at the Hills; how he had taken to drinking and gambling, until now there was no more notorious "card-sharp" in Deadwood than Frank Brown. There were vague whispers of even worse than this; but the only man who had dared give them utterance, "died with his boots on," as a salute to the mangled honor of the dashing young sport.

Jimmy McCane never flinched at that query. Six horsemen appeared before the coach as suddenly as though the earth had opened and given them birth; and six carbines were brought to bear upon driver and passengers, inside and out, and the clear voice of the leader uttered the challenge:

"Stand and deliver! The first who draws a weapon, dies like a dog!"

A man may be no coward, and hesitate before daring to brave almost certain death for a mere scrap of money, but the majority of the eight men occupying the coach had faced death and come off the winner ere this, and even now, had any one stepped forward as a leader, they would have fought hard and desperately; but leader there was none, and the moment of prompt action might have availed them passed away unimproved.

"Hold up your hands and come down," added the road-agent, addressing the express messenger, who, with two black muzzles staring him full in the face, could only obey.

"Take his keys, and the iron box, and the leader rode up to the door of the coach, the muzzle of his carbine enforcing his words. "Gentlemen, be so kind as to leave your arms inside, and come out, one by one. The ladies need have no fear. They shall not be harmed in the least. You have Handsome Harry's word for that."

"Lucky fer you they are a lady in yer," growled big Ben Thompson, as he sullenly made his way outside. "I'd a tuck one crack at ye, only you'd a riddled her, too, mebbe."

"This is the third time you've said that same thing, Big Ben," and the road-agent laughed pleasantly. "You'd better give up traveling in stages before you get broke."

Two stout arms held the unlucky miner firmly, while another man dextrously rifled his person. And so, one by one, the other passengers were forced to disrobe, and go through the same humiliating process. Handsome Harry was sarcastically polite, and evidently in high good-humor over the admirable working of his little business speculation.

There were breakers ahead, however, when he came to attempt opening the iron box of the road, which was secured to the bottom of the coach, and contained the express matter. None of the keys taken from the express messenger would open the chest, try how they would.

"I've got no other keys," the messenger muttered, in answer to their threats. "Open it if you can; I'll not help you. Shoot and damn!"

"Bring one of those lamps," cried Handsome Harry, his voice for the first time betraying anger.

Taking one of the coach-lamps, he entered the stage, where Mrs. Brown sat motionless from terror. He too, was baffled but dropped off, and the lamp-light fell fairly upon his face.

"Frank—my husband!"

It was a scream of heart-rending agony. The poor woman flung her arms around the neck of the outlaw, and swooned away.

The recognition was mutual. Like a man dazed, Frank Brown staggered from the stage, bearing with him the lifeless form of his young wife.

A cry of astonishment from Major Kiley appeared to restore the road-agent to his senses. There was not a tremor in his voice as he spoke: "Gentlemen, our interview is at an end. You will proceed upon your journey at once. The slightest symptom of curiosity will be rewarded with a bullet. Go—and at once!"

There was a deadly meaning in his voice that could not be misunderstood, and still covered by those leveled carbines, the men entered the coach and rolled rapidly away.

But after them came the swift-succeeding reports of two pistol-shots.

The next coach bore two bodies into Custer City. They were those of Frank Brown and his wife.

"Handsome Harry."

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

ONE moment a dull, monotonous see-saw progress over a heavy, sandy road, the cumbrous coach rocking upon its leather hinges like a boat crossing a heavy, regular swell. The next a plunging descent that bids fair to become a total wreck—screams of women, oaths of men, plunging and terrified snorting of horses, while above all ring out the shrill curses of Jimmy McCane and the vicious cracking of his whip. Then the forward end of the coach sinks still lower, until its precious inside freight form one struggling mass; until Jimmy is pitched bodily upon the haunches of his wheelers, from whence he rolls to the ground, and, heedless of the wickedly-flashing hoofs, unhooks the trace-chains, and thus turns into a farce what bade fair to become a tragedy.

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